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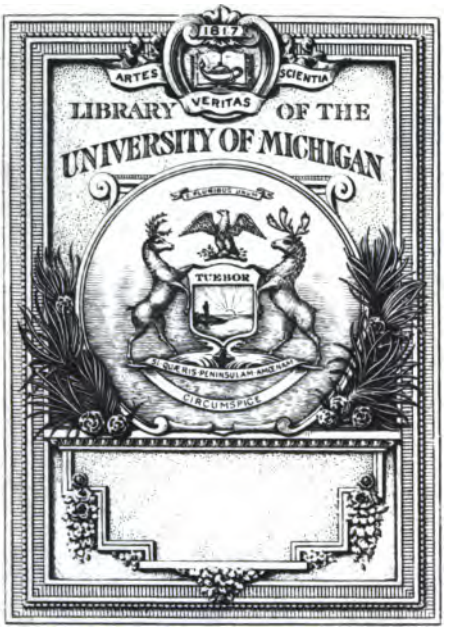
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GEORGE ELIOT

THE BOOKLOVERS READING CLUB HAND-BOOK TO ACCOMPANY THE READING COURSE ENTITLED, *THE WORLD'S GREAT WOMAN NOVELISTS*

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THE WORLD'S GREAT WOMAN NOVELISTS

Course *XX:* Booklovers Reading Club

NOVELISTS AND NOVELS SELECTED

FOR THIS READING COURSE

by

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

and

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

The attention of the reader is directed to a letter from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps which will be found on page 121.

153017

The Greatest Woman Novelists
AND THEIR GREATEST BOOKS

CHOSEN FOR THIS COURSE BY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

JANE AUSTEN	*Pride and Prejudice*
CHARLOTTE BRONTË	*Villette*
E. C. GASKELL	*Wives and Daughters*
GEORGE ELIOT	*Middlemarch*
GEORGE SAND	*Consuelo*

CHOSEN FOR THIS COURSE BY

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

GEORGE ELIOT	*Middlemarch*
GEORGE SAND	*Consuelo*
CHARLOTTE BRONTË	*Jane Eyre*
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	*Uncle Tom's Cabin*

The BOOKS

THE following four books are supplied by The Booklovers Library to Club Members who have enrolled for Course XX.

I. GEORGE SAND
(Bertha Thomas)

II. THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË (Mrs. Gaskell)

III. GEORGE ELIOT
(George Willis Cooke)

IV. PRIDE AND PREJUDICE
(Jane Austen)

The course of reading as outlined in this handbook is based on these books. Suggestions for supplementary reading will be found at the end.

The World's Great Woman Novelists

TALKS *and* LECTURES

by

KATHARINE LEE BATES

and

AGNES REPPLIER

and

MARY E. WILKINS

and

OSCAR FAY ADAMS

These papers by Miss Bates, Miss Repplier, Miss Wilkins and Mr. Adams have been prepared especially for readers of this course.

EDITORIAL NOTES

by

Professor T. M. PARROTT

A WORD *from* THE DIRECTOR

THE first question which fronted us as we began the preparation of this course was, Who are the world's great woman novelists? We asked Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward to answer this question for us. The distinguished English writer to whom we thus turned for suggestion has herself won an assured place among the world's great woman novelists, and her opinion of her predecessors in the field of fiction has much interest. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has added

to the value of her choice by giving us a letter, which we print on page 121, setting forth the reasons for her selection.

In the paper which Miss Repplier has written for this handbook, she quotes the familiar dictum of the brilliant English essayist, Augustine Birrell, that the three greatest woman novelists of the United Kingdom are, in the order of their merit, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot. Mrs. Humphry Ward confirms Mr. Birrell's judgment by including in her list the three English novelists he has named as the greatest, but she adds a fourth—Mrs. Gaskell—whose right to a place in this distinguished company will be less obvious to many readers. It is noteworthy that Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward omits Jane Austen, for a reason which she explains in her letter, and admits Harriet Beecher Stowe into her quartet of eminent novelists.

Since we could not adequately represent within the limits of this course all the novelists named by the authorities whom we consulted, we decided to put into the hands of our readers four books, treating of the French novelist George Sand, and "the immortal three," as Miss Repplier terms the trio of great English writers. For reasons which are explained in The Idea of the Course we selected

three biographical and critical works, and one novel.

The papers which appear in the handbook have been contributed by competent critics. Three of these papers supplement the books furnished with the course by suggestive and luminous discussions of Jane Austen, George Sand, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot. Miss Wilkins, however, claims recognition for another writer, and her paper on "Emily Brontë and Wuthering Heights *" will serve for many of our readers as an introduction to a novel which they will be glad to know. The brief biographical sketch of Mrs. Gaskell, prepared by the editor, will be useful to those who are not so familiar with the author of* Wives and Daughters *as Mrs. Humphry Ward evidently thinks all intelligent readers of fiction should be.*

The writers and the books treated in this course are known more or less intimately to all who have even a casual acquaintance with literature, but there are few readers who have exhausted the possibilities of pleasure and profit stored in the classics of fiction which the Library herewith presents in the form of a carefully organized reading course.

The Idea of the Course

HE novel, particularly the domestic, the social, and the psychological novel, was perhaps the greatest contribution of the nineteenth century to literature, notably to English literature. It took the place at once of the satirical and didactic poem of the eighteenth century and of the drama of the preceding age. The student of the nineteenth century—its aims, its hopes, its conditions, and its struggles — must be a student, not merely a reader, of the nineteenth century novel.

It is, of course, a mere commonplace to say that one of the most distinctive features of the nineteenth century was the emergence of Woman. This was notably the case in England and in English literature. Before the great intellectual movement which accompanied and followed the French Revolution, the appearances of women in English literature were rare, and not always creditable. English literature of the nineteenth century, particularly of the Victorian era, is starry with the names of women. In France the great name of George Sand outshines, with perhaps one exception, those of all her feminine precursors. And since the novel was the peculiar organ, or vehicle, of that literature, it follows by a literary

law that the greatest literary achievements of nineteenth century women took the form of fiction.

The purpose of this course is to present an epitome of the achievements of women in that field of literature for which, as one of the greatest of woman novelists has said, they are by nature and by circumstance best adapted. A novel, perhaps the best novel, of Miss Austen's has been chosen as a representative of the old régime untroubled by revolutionary ideas or ideals. A life of George Sand, rather than one of her novels, is presented, for to read her novels without some knowledge of her life is to obtain a totally false impression of an erring, but singularly noble, genius. The novels of Miss Brontë and George Eliot are so well known and so easily accessible that it has seemed best to offer, in the first case, one of the most famous biographies in the English language—Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë;* and, in the other, a critical study which deals largely with the basis, ideal, scientific, and ethical, on which George Eliot built up the noble fabric of her fiction.

The possibilities of this course are almost endless. Rightly pursued it may serve as a guide to much that has been dimly or not at all apprehended in the history of nineteenth century literature, in the development of the capacities and function of women, in the social, political, and religious aspects of a period which lies not too far

away to attract our sympathy, yet distant enough to allow us to judge it with a certain generous impartiality.

Of the influence which such a course may exert upon the thoughtful student it is difficult to speak in measured terms. Of all departments of literature fiction has been regarded as the least important. But fiction read, not merely for the sake of passing an idle hour, but as the interpreter of a great and active age, as the mirror of strong and ardent souls, is by no means the least of the powers that quicken the mind to a truer knowledge, to a wider and more generous sympathy.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS TO THE READER

In the study of literature there are various methods which may be pursued. One of the most profitable is to consider the various authors as types and embodiments of the social and intellectual movements of their day. In the case of the great women whose lives and works form the subject of this course, such a method is particularly attractive.

Jane Austen is, to all intents and purposes, a representative of the old pre-revolutionary life in England. The Woman Question was unknown to her. Her environment was not even touched, much less troubled, by the storm and stress of new ideas. George Sand and Charlotte Brontë, on the other hand, are children of the Revolution. This fact the Frenchwoman knew and exulted in. Her life, indeed, was largely spent in an endeavor to promote the progress of revolutionary ideals alike in social and political life. Charlotte Brontë, a Tory and an old-fashioned Church of England woman, would have repudiated the assertion with

emphasis. But it is none the less true, for the prevailing note of Charlotte Brontë's work is the passionate struggle of the individual against environment and social conventions. And that note is the distinguishing mark of the revolutionary spirit from Rousseau to Byron. Finally, George Eliot, in years almost contemporary with Miss Brontë, in culture, knowledge, and mental tone at least half a century in advance of her, is the literary incarnation of the modern scientific spirit with its systematic subordination of the individual, not indeed to social conventions, but to the unalterable laws of nature.

It is evident, however, that this comparative method can be fruitful of positive results only when based upon a careful study of the life and work of the individuals who are to be compared. In the case of Miss Austen the biographical material is so scanty that the sketch written for this course by Mr. Adams should suffice the ordinary reader. In her art there was little or no development, and one novel represents her almost as well as another. But of all her novels perhaps the most general favorite is her first, *Pride and Prejudice.* And when we consider the quickness of perception, the lightness of touch and certainty of presentation, when we become sensible of the grace of style, the laughing satire, and the charm of lovable characters which shine from its every

page, this first novel of a girl scarcely out of her teens dawns on us as one of the most amazing achievements of English fiction.

Pride and Prejudice should be read first for the story simply. Then, with the aid of the stimulative questions, it should be read again with the purpose of noting the characteristics of Miss Austen's genius, of marking the limits of her flawless but somewhat narrow art, and of analyzing, so far as may be possible, the secret of her charm.

The life of George Sand should be read before taking up any of her works. Miss Austen's work was wholly objective; George Sand's was in great part subjective, and it is hardly too much to say that her life is more interesting than any of her works and as important as all of them together. An idealist in art, it is often her aims rather than her achievements that attract us. And Miss Thomas' little book gives an interesting and impartial estimate of the character, the ideals, and the purposes of this great writer.

Following the life of George Sand some of her works should be read—if possible—in the original French, since few prose writers suffer so much from translation. From the great bulk of her work, *Indiana*, as one of the romances of search, and *Consuelo*, as one of the romances of exposi-

tion, may be recommended. *Lucrezia Floriani* is interesting on account of the autobiographical element; and one at least, preferably *The Devil's Pool* (*La Mare au Diable*), of the stories of French peasant life should be read. The questions set for *Pride and Prejudice* may serve as examples of questions that the thoughtful reader can easily ask himself in regard to the novels of George Sand.

Next in order Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* should be read. The main endeavor of this work is to give a living portrait of a passionate, pure soul struggling against a narrow environment and a crushing fate. The student should read this book for the first time rapidly like a novel—and there are few novels of such fascinating interest—and then, going over it again, should seek to bring out and to fix in his mind the characteristic features of the noble woman whose life it tells. Other matters—the external facts of her life, the order of her works and their artistic development—are of minor importance.

After reading the life the student should take up Miss Brontë's novels. Two at least, *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*, should be read. And they should be read, not merely for the story, but because they give us so much of Charlotte Brontë herself. Not that either of these novels can be regarded as a literal transcript from the facts of

her life. From such a misconception grave mistakes have arisen which are not yet generally cleared away. But of her inner life, her long struggle between desire and duty, her hopes, her doubts, her fears, these novels give us a truer report than any biographer can do. And yet it is not until we have read her biography that we can easily apprehend the inner meaning of these most remarkable works.

The main facts in the life of George Eliot are generally known, and after all it is her ideas rather than the facts of her life which are of importance. Mr. Cooke's work gives a brief, but on the whole satisfactory, sketch of her life, and then proceeds to a critical study of her work as an artist and thinker. This is a book which must be read slowly and with care. The chapters on George Eliot's philosophic attitude, distinctive teachings, religious tendencies, and ethical spirit may present some difficulty to the average reader. But it is hoped that a careful study of these chapters, assisted by the running analysis presented in the topics on pages 39–41, and by the stimulative questions, will not be without profit even to a reader unaccustomed to handle philosophical subjects. It would be possible even to omit these chapters, but such a course is not advised.

Several of George Eliot's novels should be read in connection with this critical study of her work.

Silas Marner is perhaps her most perfect piece of art; *The Mill on the Floss* is of peculiar interest on account of its chapters of what may be termed spiritual autobiography; while *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* furnish the fullest expression of the philosophical and ethical doctrines which became more and more important to her as her mind deepened and developed. Here, as in the case of Miss Brontë, the thoughtful reader will examine himself on finishing a novel to see how far he has appreciated its art and caught its underlying ideas.

Of the minor novelists who may be studied in connection with this course Emily Brontë is perhaps the most attractive figure. The paper by Miss Wilkins will serve as an introduction to her one novel, *Wuthering Heights*, and the biography referred to at the close of that paper may be drawn upon for such facts as are not given in Mrs. Gaskell's life of the elder sister.

There is, unfortunately, no life of Mrs. Gaskell, a deficiency which may in part be repaired by a reference to Professor Ward's article in the *National Dictionary of Biography;* or, where this is not available, to the brief sketch based upon that article which appears on page 97. Her last and unfinished novel, *Wives and Daughters*, is, perhaps, her most artistic production; but her stories of manufacturing life, *Mary Barton* and

North and South, are even more characteristic of her strong and sympathetic talent.

Mrs. Stowe lies so near to us as to require little mention. Her masterpiece is so entangled with the causes of our great national struggle in the last century that the time has hardly yet come when it can be impartially judged as a work of art. Readers who wish to know something more of her life than is contained in the literary tradition of the country are referred to the two works mentioned in the Supplementary Reading.

Miss Repplier's paper may serve as an example of the comparative method referred to at the beginning of these suggestions, and the reader's critical horizon may be widened by a careful consideration of the selections printed under the head of Critical Comment on pages 103–118. Many of these have been chosen by way of showing what the great novelists thought of each other's work. In every case the reader should endeavor to ascertain the standpoint from which the critical perceptions were made.

The list of supplementary books (page 135) gives a selection, accompanied in each case by a brief comment, from the great mass of literature which has gathered about the names of these famous women. From this selection the student may in turn make his own, but he will do well to

refrain from making too liberal use of it until he has familiarized himself with the works of the authors. Criticism is valuable, but not without an independent knowledge of the work criticized.

TOPICAL OUTLINE

OF THE COURSE

Memoranda:

The Course Arranged by Topics: Part I. *George Sand*

by BERTHA THOMAS

1. **Early life.** Ancestry, childhood. The country and the convent. Marriage and married life; separation from husband. *1–53*

2. **Early work.** Life in Paris. Early struggles. *Indiana* by "George Sand." Succeeding novels; moral tone, purpose, artistic merits. George Sand and De Musset. Life and work in Italy. *54–103*

3. **Transition and development.** Social and political ideals. Personal trials. Change of tone in works. Relations with Chopin. Socialistic novels. *104–148*

4. **George Sand's masterpiece and political activity.** *Consuelo* and its sequel; merits and defects. Nohant. *Lucrezia Floriani.* Fall of the monarchy and establishment of the republic. Political activity. Disillusion and retirement. *149–191*

5. Return to nature, dramatic work, and later novels. The pastorals; their chief merits. George Sand and Napoleon III. Plays; their comparative success and real failure. Later novels. *192–237*

6. Artistic capacity and moral ideas. Blending of artistic and moral elements in work. Plots. Characters. Realism and idealism in her work. Her view of marriage, offences against decorum, conception of virtue. *238–255*

7. Old age and death. Life at Nohant. Franco-Prussian War. Last works. Death. *256–278*

8. Justin M'Carthy's essay on George Sand. George Sand as a world influence; as a representative of the revolt of woman. The morality of her work. *Appendix*

The Course Arranged by Topics: Part II. *The Life of Charlotte Brontë by* MRS. GASKELL

1. **Childhood at Haworth.** Haworth and its surroundings. Parentage. Early occupations. *1–60*

2. **School life.** Cowan Bridge. Early compositions. Miss Wooler's school. Friends and occupations. *61–121*

3. **Teacher and governess.** Life at Haworth; books and letters. Branwell Brontë. Teacher at Miss Wooler's. Governess; her dislike of the life. *122–222*

4. **Brussels period.** Madame Héger's *pensionnat;* M. Héger; occupations and friends. Return to England. Second stay in Brussels; solitude and mental suffering. *223–282*

5. **The Brontës at home.** Plan for a school. Branwell Brontë's fall. Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; poems and stories. *283–315*

6. First novels. *The Professor*. *Jane Eyre* begun. *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*. Visit to London. The terrible year; deaths of Branwell, Emily, and Anne Brontë. *316–422*

7. Shirley. Circumstances of composition; sources of the book. Reviews of *Shirley*. Discovery of authorship. *423–462*

8. Miss Brontë in the world. Travels, visits, and acquaintances. Miss Martineau and Thackeray. *463–544*

9. Villette. Ill health and depression. Last book begun. Circumstances of composition. Criticisms on *Villette*. *545–601*

10. Last years. Mr. Nicholls and Miss Brontë. Visit to London. Engagement; marriage; married life; early death. *602–656*

The Course Arranged by Topics: Part III. *George Eliot—A Critical Study* by G. W. COOKE

1. **Life, works, and personal characteristics.** Parentage and early environment. School life; religious convictions. Life at Coventry; change of faith. Translator; editor. Connection with Lewes. Sequence of works. Physical and mental characteristics. *1–103*

2. **Novelist and poet.** Style, methods of construction, dramatic power; humor and satire; realism; psychologic analysis. Her theory of the novel. Woman's work in fiction; bases of fiction. George Eliot's relations with British schools of fiction. Poetic qualities of her prose works. Characteristics of her verse; its chief defects. *104–165*

3. **George Eliot's philosophy.** Her importance as the literary representative of modern scientific thought. Influence of Bray and Feuerbach upon her mental development. Relations with Lewes, Comte, and Spencer. Her distinctive doctrines: uni-

formity of law; feeling superior to reason. Importance of tradition; social heredity; limitations of tradition. *166–220*

4. Religious and moral teachings. Peculiarity of her conception of religion. Necessity of religion. God, immortality, duty. Immortality in the race. Renunciation and resignation; altruism. Didactic tendency of her work. Her standard of morality. Nemesis. Duty of sympathy. Function of sorrow. "Meliorism." *221–280*

5. Earlier novels and *Romola*. *Scenes of Clerical Life:* real scenes and characters portrayed. *Adam Bede:* Elizabeth Evans; Dinah Morris; underlying lessons. *The Mill on the Floss:* autobiographical element; chief plan; moral lesson. *Silas Marner:* its literary art and ethical teaching. *Romola:* departure from earlier aims. Purpose, merits, defects. Ethical ideas. *281–323*

6. Later novels. *Felix Holt:* social and political reform. *Middlemarch:* environment as an enemy of the soul; Dorothea and Lydgate as types of modern life. *Daniel Deronda:* threefold purpose; heredity and national

tradition as helpers of the soul. The Jewish race as a proof of the writer's philosophical beliefs; altruism vs. egoism. *324-354*

7. Poems and later essays. *The Spanish Gipsy:* form, merits, defects, ethical teaching. Minor poems. Altruism; subjective immortality. *Impressions of Theophrastus Such:* character, defects, chief value. *355–390*

8. Method and limitations. George Eliot, Scott, Dickens. Scientific method in literature. Robert Browning. Effect of scientific theories upon the tone of her books. Mingled nature of her teaching. Limitations in regard to the emotional life. Power of reason. Influence of the individual. *391–424*

NOTE. We have not thought it necessary to present a topical analysis of the fourth book which we supply—Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice.*

JANE AUSTEN: *A Talk by* OSCAR FAY ADAMS

JANE AUSTEN: *A Talk by* OSCAR FAY ADAMS

Since the early eighties Oscar Fay Adams has been before the public as editor, compiler, story writer, lecturer, and newspaper man. *Through the Year with the Poets*—a compilation of nature poems in twelve volumes named for the months—*The Story of Jane Austen's Life*, *Dear Old Story Tellers*, and *Post Laureate Idyls* preceded *The Presumption of Sex*, the latter a series of caustic papers urging reforms of popular abuses. While a shower of equally caustic criticism upon this work was still descending, later editions of his *Brief Handbook of English Authors* appeared. These have been followed by a revision of the *Dictionary of American Authors* and by a collection of clerical tales, the first of which, *The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment*, gives title to the book. Mr. Adams is the American editor of the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*, and his work in a similar line has covered a number of other volumes, for the most part prose and verse of English writers. He has lectured on English history and, in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on Gothic architecture. For years his home has been in Boston.

It is more than eighty years since a little company of mourners gathered about an open grave in the north nave aisle of Winchester Cathedral on a morning in mid-July. The much loved sister and aunt whom they were about to leave within that vast sanctuary, the resting place of kings and queens for nearly a thousand years,

had been affectionately regarded by a large circle of relatives and acquaintances, while beyond that circle her name was familiar to only a few appreciative readers as that of a recently risen novelist. But at the age of forty-one she had passed out of life, and, as literary fashions then were, it might have seemed as if her name, so lately inscribed upon the roll of fame, would quickly fade from it when her small group of admirers should have followed her.

The nineteenth century was still comparatively young when Jane Austen died; the opening of the twentieth not only finds her name yet on fame's bead-roll, but outshining nearly all of those of her contemporaries in her especial field; a name most assuredly to conjure with when literary values are being considered. Edition after edition of her works has appeared within the past two decades, her life has been written over and over again, critical studies of her writings are numerous, and her name is endeared to many thousands of readers in England and America. Nothing is more uncertain of fulfilment than literary prophecy, but if one may reason of the future from the slow but continuous growth of Miss Austen's reputation, it does not seem the part of rashness to predict that her fame is secure for at least another century.

Jane Austen, the youngest child but one of the Reverend George Austen, was born December

16, 1775, at Steventon, Hampshire, England, a parish of which her father was then rector. Her childhood, though not especially eventful, was a happy one, and both then and in her later womanhood she mingled freely in the refined middle-class society to which by birth she belonged. When she was twenty-five the Austen family removed to Bath, already familiar to her through various visits there, and at her father's death four years afterward, the family home was removed to Southampton. There Miss Austen remained four years with her mother and sister till, in 1809, they took up their abode in Chawton, a small Hampshire village, to be near Jane's brother, Edward, who lived at the manor-house there. Save for occasional visits to relatives, the remainder of Miss Austen's life was passed at Chawton till a few weeks preceding her death, which occurred at Winchester, July 17, 1817.

Although somewhat circumscribed, her existence was far from monotonous, diversified, as it was, by frequent sojourns in London and elsewhere; but she appears never to have traveled two hundred miles from home in any direction, and, of course, she knew nothing of the Continent from personal observation. This seclusion seems to have satisfied her perfectly, however, and her outlook upon existence was as keen as it was good-natured. When she first felt moved to write, she chose to describe the details of the life

around her, none of which had escaped her quiet notice. Her art was the art of the realist, although nobody thought of calling it so till she had been in her grave for more than half a century, and it was as far as possible removed from the art of her own time.

Miss Austen never concerned herself with descriptions of people and things beyond the range of her observation and experience. Accordingly, we do not find her attempting to depict the ultra-fashionable society of the period of the regency, to which she was personally a stranger. She wrote of clergymen—young men just in orders, or elderly rectors and vicars—because she knew many such; but of those in the higher walks of the clerical profession, archdeacons, deans, and bishops, she had nothing to tell us—they were out of her small world. She wrote of the navy with affection, for two of her brothers were sailors; but of the army she had less to say, for it had not been brought so nearly within the range of her sympathies. She did not essay descriptions of localities personally unfamiliar to her. She introduced many a faithful bit of description touching Bath, Portsmouth, or Lyme-Regis, because she knew those places intimately; and even when she did not bestow upon the scenes of her narratives the actual names to be found in the gazetteer, it is easy to perceive that some precise familiar locality was in her mind.

JANE AUSTEN

Mau

Miss Austen comprehended with the utmost thoroughness the controlling motives of persons in her own rank in life; and in her novels we may listen to the conversation of her men and women as she listened to the people around her, hearing the same accents and noting all the little tricks of manner as she would do. There they stand in her pages, the middle-class people of southern England, as they looked and acted a century ago, all their excellences and their small follies disclosed with the faithfulness of the photograph—but not with the occasional misleading hardness or over accuracy of the photograph, for Jane Austen possessed, what some of her successors in the field of realism have sometimes lacked—a sense of proportion; and faithfulness with her is never suffered to lapse into tediousness.

She understood, too, the nature of her limitations and the extent of her proper field. Accordingly, we never find her attempting tragedy in any form, for her talent, as she could not but be aware, lay all in the direction of comedy. In her six novels there is not a single death recorded, and there are few disasters that may be termed serious. She discussed no weighty problem of existence; she did not labor for the accomplishment of any especial reform. Her primary intention was the construction of a story, using such materials as lay nearest her hand.

This is not to say that she was altogether lack-

ing in serious purpose. One cannot read *Mansfield Park*, for example, without perceiving that the author had certain very clear views as to the dangers resulting from an utterly worldly system of education; but the purpose remains undeclared. It is inherent in the construction of the narrative, but the story was not written to exploit a moral purpose. She had convictions, but her artistic sense was too strong to allow of her thrusting them upon the reader.

It was the superficial side of existence that Miss Austen sought to describe, and we are not to go to her fiction for analysis of motive, or for the tracing of the subtle influence of circumstance upon character development. Such matters were quite out of her range, but so perfectly has she painted the life of her contemporaries, as it presented itself to her shrewd yet not unkindly gaze, that no artist since her day, confessing similar limitations and using the same colors, has gone beyond or even equaled her.

The Austen gallery is a small one—only six completed canvases in all: *Sense and Sensibility*, published in 1811 but written more than ten years earlier; *Pride and Prejudice*, completed in 1797 and given to the world in 1813; *Mansfield Park*, appearing in 1814; *Emma*, written in 1816 and published in December of that year; *Persuasion*, completed in the summer of 1816 but not issued until 1818; and *Northanger Abbey*, written

in 1798 but not appearing in print until 1818. In addition to these is the study, as it may be termed, known as *Lady Susan.* This was always supposed by the Austen family to be an early production, though no date is assignable. It remained in manuscript until 1870, when it was published by Miss Austen's nephew and first biographer, the Reverend James Edward Austen-Leigh. An incomplete sketch by Miss Austen, to which her nephew gave the name of *The Watsons,* was given to the world by him at about the same time.

Lovers of Miss Austen's work are by no means agreed as to which of her novels should be assigned the first place in order of merit, and any decision must perforce be a matter of opinion rather than of criticism. *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice* share about equally the favor of discerning readers, but each one of the four remaining books has its staunch advocates for the honor of being ranked first. Miss Austen's style, always admirable in point of clearness and finish, perhaps appears at its best in *Persuasion,* her latest work, but in construction this book falls below several of its predecessors.

To Miss Austen her characters became real personages, as we may see from reading her letters to her sister; and a slighting word in regard to any of them affected her as if uttered against one of her household. Anthony Trollope, who of

all modern novelists came nearest to inheriting Jane Austen's peculiar shade of realism, confessed to the same feeling, and assures us that Barset was a real county, and the Proudies, the Grantlys, and the rest of those with whom he peopled the shire were quite as real to him as the men and women of his London acquaintance. We turn to the pages of the Hampshire novelist if we would know precisely how Englishmen acted and conversed a century ago. A hundred years hence readers will turn to the novels of Trollope to learn what England was like in the middle of the nineteenth century.

"The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," Sir Thomas Browne reminds us. Long, long may it be ere that same iniquitous oblivion obscure the name and fame of that rare woman of genius, Jane Austen.

Oscar Fay Adams

GEORGE SAND: *A Sketch by* KATHARINE LEE BATES

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As class poet and winner of literary prizes Miss Katharine Lee Bates began her career as a writer while still a girl at college. Since her graduation from Wellesley in 1880 she has been almost constantly engaged in academic work, teaching in the Natick High School for one year; in Dana Hall, the preparatory school in Wellesley, for four years; and since then in the department of English Literature, Wellesley College, of which she is now professor in charge. Although Miss Bates looks upon authorship rather as an avocation, she has been most industrious in this direction. During the first ten years of teaching she compiled a *Wedding Day Book* and wrote a number of verses and stories for children, including *Rose and Thorn*, a $700 prize story, and *Hermit Island*. *Sunshine and Other Verses for Children* and *The College Beautiful and Other Poems* were privately published by Wellesley alumnæ for the benefit of college enterprises. In the nineties Miss Bates brought out *The English Religious Drama*, which embodies lectures delivered in the summer school of Colorado Springs, and *American Literature*, with suggestions for class-room treatment. She has edited a number of poems and plays for the Students' Series of English Classics, for the Silver Series, and for the Canterbury Classics; and the fruit of one of her trips abroad has appeared in *Spanish Highways and Byways*.

George Sand is more than an author; she is a power in the development of the human race. "The immense vibration" of her voice, said Matthew Arnold, "will not soon die away."

All the Continent, England, America have been roused by her call and led to nobler life. Her reckless force was hurled against barriers that for centuries had shut women in to the Griselda ideal. And not women only, but all who suffer wrong,—the poor, the weak, the terrified—owe an immeasurable debt to the great heart, and rich, full-flowing genius of their champion. For those, too, in high or low estate, whose aspirations set toward the heights of spiritual vision, George Sand has been and is a fearless path-seeker, a soul forever on the quest, forever, in her own words, "tormented by things divine."

In her beloved France, where she stormed out her troubled youth and fought in the thick of the political battles, where she was idolized and reviled, but always read, her influence is so all-pervading that it baffles analysis. George Sand beats in the pulses of modern France. It is when we turn to the neighboring Latin countries—Spain and Italy—that we get a clearer, because less complex, impression of what has been wrought by this supreme exponent of Latin womanhood.

The chief woman novelist of Spain today, Emilia Pardo Bazan, is a product and reflection of George Sand, not only in her fiction, the choice of subjects, and, with modifications, the style of treatment, but in her breadth of view, her advocacy of enlarged opportunities for women,

her leadership in generous causes. The first woman novelist of distinction in Italy, Matilde Serao, has followed George Sand, not merely in such externals as the adoption, in earlier years, of man's dress when it promised protection and convenience, but in her ardent acceptance of the Frenchwoman's watchword, Pity, for her own observation and presentment of life. Those who have read *Sister Giovanna of the Cross* and have felt the sorrows of the aged nuns driven from the convent of their perpetual vows back to a world where they had lost all place and memory, will understand why Matilde Serao is called in Rome and Naples *la petite Sand Italienne.*

George Sand's lineage goes far toward explaining her career. King and Bohemian, artist and warrior bequeathed her the royal freedom and the militant passion that were her essentials of life. Like the canon of *Consuelo*, who boasted of being "one of the four hundred natural children of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland," so her great-grandfather, the romantic Marshal Saxe, wore the mingled pride and shame of that descent. His daughter Aurore, whose mother was an actress, was also of illegitimate birth, but she was educated on aristocratic lines and married to a country gentleman of fortune. Their only child, Maurice Dupin, a gallant young soldier with artistic leanings, married a Parisian grisette of damaged reputation, daughter of

a bird seller on the quays of the Seine. The one child of this union, Amantine-Lucile-Aurore, was born in 1804, the year of Napoleon's coronation.

She was a winsome baby, who, as soon as she could talk, would prattle over to herself the fairy-tales her mother had told her. It is strange to associate with the terrible events of the spring of 1808 in Madrid, and with Murat, who commanded those ruthless massacres that roused all Spain to irresistible revolt, a four-year-old George Sand, brought by her impatient mother all the perilous way from Paris to visit Captain Dupin. It is easy to imagine how the gay officer delighted in his innocent little soldier, dressed in a tiny uniform, complete to sword and spurs, precisely like his own. Murat, in his intervals of slaughter, petted *la petite* and called her his *aide-de-camp*. In the summer Captain Dupin conducted his family, at no slight risk, back to France. They went to Nohant, in the old province of Berry, to see his mother in her pleasant manor-house. During this visit the young captain was killed by a fall from his horse.

The patrician grandmother, after much contention, secured the guardianship of the child, whose love, however, could not be alienated from her mother. When George Sand made the faithful little Fadette say: "My mother is always my mother, and . . . I shall always love her with

my whole heart," the words may have been an echo from her own girlhood. The country life in itself was to her liking. Berry, with "the willows full of larks, and the nights full of falling stars," thrilled the young heart with an abiding joy in nature. Madame Dupin, a convert to the educational theories of Rousseau, allowed her grandchild to romp freely out of doors with the children of the neighborhood, and to feed her fancy with the peasants' tales of witches, ghosts, and hobgoblins. Indoors she studied with the crotchety old pedant who had been her father's tutor, and gained from her musical grandmother that appreciation of Porpora, Hasse, and other eighteenth-century composers which is woven so happily into *Consuelo.*

Her rustic ways and tastes were ill-suited to her grandmother's aristocratic coterie in Paris, where the winters were usually spent, and at thirteen Aurore was put into the most fashionable girls' school of the city, that of the English convent, to learn manners. Here she speedily won the name of "Madcap" and joined the "devils' camp," made up of the choice spirits of fun and fearlessness who were leagued together in a dangerous, heroic, and ever-fascinating adventure. "The great secret," wrote George Sand years afterward, "was the traditional legend of the convent, a dream handed down from generation to generation, and from 'devil' to 'devil'

for about two centuries, a romantic fiction which may have had some foundation of truth at the beginning, but now rested merely on the needs of our imagination. Its object was to *deliver the victim.* There was a prisoner, some said several prisoners, shut up somewhere in an impenetrable retreat, either a cell hidden and bricked up in the thickness of the walls, or a dungeon under the vaults of the immense sub-basement. . . . These vaults were the key to a world of darkness, terrors, mysteries, an immense abyss dug beneath our feet, closed by iron gates, whose exploration was as perilous as the descent into hell of Æneas or Dante. For this reason it was absolutely imperative to get there."

Such labyrinthine vaults enter into many of George Sand's romances, as *The Bagpipers* and *Mauprat.* The amazing temerity of Consuelo in her subterranean expedition, too, is illuminated by these convent experiences, where the emulous imagination of the "devils" was forever plunging into tortuous caverns more ingeniously horrible than those of Count Albert's retreat.

But Aurore was not all hoiden. The Lady Superior called her "Still Waters." After some months of frolic, the "devil" showed signs of turning saint. She was responding to the emotional appeal of Roman Catholicism. She yielded herself to mystic ecstasies and longed to take the veil. This was displeasing to her grandmother, a

deist of the Voltairian type, and Aurore was brought back to Nohant.

Now for the first time a thirst for knowledge quickened her, and she flung herself upon books—Greek philosophy, German metaphysics, sociology, ethics, poetry. In later years George Sand wrote of this youthful self: "She often rose at ten o'clock and read till three. When she had finished reading on winter nights, she would warm herself a little. . . . While warming herself, she would reflect on what she had been reading, and, with the blindness of inexperience, grope her way to criticism. . . . Brought up in a convent, and elated with poetical devotion, she calmly read the philosophers, believing, at first, that she could easily refute their arguments by her conscience; but she learned to love these philosophers, and to feel God greater than he had ever yet appeared. The little Catholic garlands of the Restoration froze during these winter nights, and a mysterious plant grew upon an ideal altar." The intensity of mental action was relieved by horseback gallops across country and by energetic tramps, for which, as there were no outing costumes for French ladies in those days, she equipped herself with a stout suit of boys' clothing.

The death of old Madame Dupin put an end to all this. Aurore was now *chatelaine* of Nohant, but her mother, who, in the decline of youthful

graces had developed various unamiable traits topped by a tyrannical temper, insisted on having the girl with her in Paris. Although their old affection was never really broken, the tone of her mother's circle and her mother's capricious bearing toward her made this an unhappy arrangement for Aurore. She availed herself of the first escape that offered, a marriage proposal from a young country squire.

At eighteen she went, the bride of M. Dudevant, to undertake domestic life with him at Nohant. After nine years the domination of an inferior had become intolerable, and she bought his consent to her residence, during every alternate three months, in Paris. It was some seven years more before her life had entirely freed itself from his, but finally, by a series of private agreements, money payments, and legal processes, she was left in undisturbed possession of their two children, her home at Nohant, and her liberty.

The bitterness of this experience had sunk deep into her soul. "Ah, no; I was not born to be a poet," she wrote with that Latin vehemence which surprises Anglo-Saxon reserve. "I was born to love. It is the misfortune of my destiny, it is the enmity of others, that have made me a wanderer and an artist. What I wanted was to live a human life. I had a heart; it has been torn violently from my breast. All that has been left me is a head, a head full of noise and pain, of

horrible memories, of images of woe, of scenes of outrage."

More significant, perhaps, are the words applied to Consuelo: "She felt the necessity of belonging to herself—that sovereign and legitimate want, the necessary condition of progress and development of the true artist."

In the first rapture of freedom, the high-spirited woman had plunged into the struggling life of a Paris journalist with an utter defiance of conventionalities. During the earlier years of her experiment, the allowance her husband granted her out of her own estate was so niggardly that she had reasons of economy, as well as of personal prudence, for assuming, on occasion, masculine dress. As a woman, perils and prohibitions met her everywhere; but in the easy attire that passed her as a student, she had at her command libraries, newspaper offices, streets by day and streets by night, theatres, art galleries, studios, clubs, cafés, and cheap lodgings. Yet her innate love of independence and adventure was, perhaps, her strongest motive for donning a disguise which she probably enjoyed as frankly as Consuelo enjoyed the untrammeled movement that came with Joseph's suit.

A young writer whom she had known in Berry, Jules Sandeau, helped her to success in fiction. They wrote at the outset in collaboration, signing his *nom de plume*, Jules Sand. When Madame

Dudevant first accomplished a novel by herself, the signature was varied to George Sand. This initial novel, *Indiana*, made its author famous, and was quickly followed by *Valentine* and others in like strain, the burden of them all being, as Matthew Arnold has phrased it, "the cry of agony and revolt."

These early books, often rhapsodical in style and irregular in construction, are great by force of feeling. They paint in vivid colors the miseries, especially for the woman, of loveless marriage. They roused widespread sympathy, hostility, dispute. Even where their morality was questioned, their genius was acknowledged. The most brilliant Frenchmen of that brilliant day gathered about George Sand. The poet, Alfred de Musset, became her lover, and they journeyed to Italy together. Their irised bubble burst, and Musset returned alone, while George Sand lingered in Venice, the only city in the world, she said, which she could love for its own sake. The first part of *Consuelo* shows how thoroughly the bright Venetian spell had wrought upon her.

But by the time George Sand was writing *Consuelo* (1842-43), that sense, burning in her like a wound, of the rights of the individual, was yielding place to convictions of the individual's duty to society. The dream of a world made new, of a purified social state where the ideal life should be recognized as the normal life for all

GEORGE SAND

Wall

mankind, was lifting her to a larger and serener atmosphere.

After her recovery from the first anguish of her experience with Musset—an experience corroding to him, but, in the end, a source of wisdom and power to her—George Sand found her chief interest in theories of socialism and communism, in political movements, and in all phases of social reform. Novels of purpose succeeded the romances of love. She drew her heroes and her philosophers from the artisan class; her mechanics were more noble than noblemen; she was a pioneer in proclaiming through fiction the virtues of the people. In the convulsions of 1848 she took a prominent part, but to no practical effect. The popular government which was, in her expectation, to supply the masses abundantly not only with bread and shoes, but with sweetness and light, dismally failed. Only a few confused, unhappy months, culminating in fierce bloodshed, intervened between Louis Philippe and Louis Bonaparte.

Through all these passionate years George Sand had been a most devoted mother to her Maurice and Solange. Into this channel the overflowing love of that mighty heart could pour itself without reproach or stint. "Our life is composed of love," she said, "and not to love is not to live." Through this great vitality of love within her she suffered no permanent defeat.

As she had risen from the wreck of her romance to a new life for the state, so from the crash of her political aspirations she rose again to a more patient faith, a further-reaching hope, a more tenderly compassionate love for all humanity.

In all the agitations of her life, from childhood on, she had sought healing and inspiration from nature. French literature has, in the main, been content to leave to French painting the interpretation of landscape, but George Sand, a lifelong student of botany and mineralogy, an enthusiastic pedestrian even to her last years, a poet in eye and ear, has made classic the tranquil beauty of her Berry. When the experiment in popular government had exploded, when the air about her head was smoky with abuse and threats, she quietly withdrew to Nohant, studied Virgil, and wrote a trio of pastorals, unique tales of peasant life, "the Georgics of France." In the preface to one of these, *Little Fadette*, she said: "Preaching unity to men who are cutting one another's throats is crying in the wilderness. There are times when souls are so agitated that they are dead to every direct appeal. . . . Plain allusions to present ills, the address to boiling passions—there is no road to safety there: a sweet song, the sound of a rustic pipe, a story to put little children to sleep without fear or pain, is better than the spectacle of real evils deepened and darkened still more by the colors of fiction."

From this time on, until her peaceful death in 1876, George Sand lived principally at Nohant, with her children and her friends about her. She was happy in the fields, where every cricket held for her "a tambourine under its wing." She was happy with her little granddaughters, for whom she wrote *Wings of Courage* and other bewitching child stories. She was happy at her midnight desk, from which the copious stream of dramas, idyls, historical romances, society novels, essays, autobiography, and letters flowed on with unflagging force. She never grew old. Five years before her death she wrote to a friend: "If to love continually makes one young, then I am still young." And George Sand died young at seventy-one.

No one book can fully express a genius so rich and so progressive, but *Consuelo*, standing midway in George Sand's development and looking before and after, is more nearly typical than any other. Here we have her feeling for music, her attraction toward Bohemianism, her love of nature, her zest for movement and adventure. Here we have her recognition of the power of passion, especially in southern blood. A rush of passion, opposed to judgment and honor, may assail the purest, even Consuelo, but it is an enemy to be resisted to the uttermost. The goal for hero and heroine is marriage, a goal that can be reached only through proven love founded on

sympathy of character and sanctioned by conscience; for if this marriage is to trespass on the rightful happiness of others, let love deny itself. Yet the cry of individualism is still heard—the demand of the artist for freedom, for self-development. Here we have the actual, while poetic, portrayal of Venetian life and character.

The story was to have ended there, and it must have been to the author's surprise, no less than to ours, when, at the desire of publishers and public for a continuation, the narrative suddenly swung away to the gloomy north and the medieval castle of the Rudolstadts. George Sand's conception of the Teutonic spirit was naturally not so true as her understanding of the Latin races. Count Albert is a preposterous Hamlet. The prolix declamation and half-seasoned mysticism in which George Sand's earlier writing indulged so freely are most in evidence through this section of the book. Notwithstanding all subterranean inducements, the reader is glad to be off with Consuelo, Rosalinding it in doublet and hose along the mountain chains and down the Danube to Vienna.

The protest against the injustice of social conditions, which Count Albert had voiced beside his gruesome altar of bones, recurs throughout this journey, with its brutish peasants and royal tyrannies; while at Vienna, the court of Maria Theresa disgusts the free spirit of the artist by

its tedious and insincere etiquette. The writer of *Consuelo* was already a democrat.

In point of form this novel, varying as it does from keen realism to the wildest romanticism, is hardly representative. Many of George Sand's later books are not only harmonious, but symmetrical; whereas *Consuelo*, "a sort of rambling *Odyssey*," as Mrs. Browning called it, keeps the law of unity only through the steady dominance of its central figure. Yet here we have, taking it all in all, the main elements of George Sand's genius—a magic style, whose cadences Thackeray compared to "the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly upon the ear," inexhaustible invention, character creation, susceptibility to beauty in nature and in art, and an enthusiastic search after the moral and spiritual issues of life. Behind the charm of the fiction and behind the theories of society and of religion with which the fiction is freighted, glows a splendid personality. The life of George Sand was not free from errors. White "wings of courage" sometimes bore her into dark places, and stains that were partly the fault of her own deed and partly the fault of the world's uncleanness were left upon them; but that strong flight, never broken, swept onward and upward to eternal light.

Katharine Lee Bates

THE IMMORTAL THREE: *A TALK*

by AGNES REPPLIER

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Agnes Repplier is a Philadelphian by birth and residence. The strain of vivacity and delicate wit distinguishing her writings suggests her French ancestry. Miss Repplier is a firm believer in "growth by unconscious assimilation," and in the compensating results of mature self-study—the grace of her writings bearing out her theories and adding a convincing charm to her earnest advocacy of wide classic reading. Her best known books are *Points of View*, *Essays in Idleness*, *Essays in Miniature*, *Books and Men*, *In the Dozy Hours*, *Varia*, and a history of Philadelphia. To these she has recently added *The Fireside Sphinx*, an exhaustive study of the cat in life, literature, and art.

"It would hardly be safe," says Mr. Augustine Birrell, "to name Miss Austen, Miss Brontë, and George Eliot as the three greatest woman novelists the United Kingdom can boast; and were one to go on and say that the alphabetical order of their names is also the order of merit, it would be necessary to seek police protection, and yet surely it is so."

That "surely it is so" is delightfully characteristic of Mr. Birrell. He is the least bellicose, the least imperious of critics. He understands that people may possibly disagree with him. He does

not quarrel with them when they do, or point out the puerility of their behavior. But his own mind is made up. He never seems to suffer from a doubt.

How far will the majority of readers—who are afflicted with many doubts—accept this particular verdict? Miss Austen's preëminence cannot, indeed, be reasonably denied. It is probable that no one would wish to deny it. Her novels stand alone in the world of English fiction, and are at once the wonder and delight of those who, as Sainte-Beuve admirably says, "are, from certain conditions of heart and mind, in a condition to yield themselves up to the pleasure which perfection in literary art can give." No one ever recognized more clearly than did Miss Austen the advantage of working within limits. No one ever accepted more frankly the narrowness of a chosen field. She was wont to compare her labor with that of the miniature painter, and the comparison is in some sort just. She built up her wonderful pictures with countless little strokes, each accurate, each necessary, each rightly placed. A delicate ruthlessness is her most striking characteristic. She knew humanity as few men or women have ever known it, and she described it without asperity and without mercy. She was incapable of taking a blundering step. The miracle of her genius forbade it.

It is easy then for Mr. Birrell to claim pre-

cedence for the author of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma*. It is easy for the almost idolatrous lovers of Jane Austen to say lightly to those who do not share their literary creed, "So much the worse for you!" But when it comes to discriminating between two great writers whose undeniable talents have been marred by strange blemishes, and forced into crooked channels, the part of the critic becomes a harder one to play. He may have a preference for Charlotte Brontë or for George Eliot, and express it frankly; but an intelligent preference is not criticism—an honest opinion is not necessarily a valuable one. Personal bias counts for a great deal. Without it we should lack sympathy for any author. But it is a thing to be enjoyed and cherished, rather than trusted and offered as a beacon light for the guidance of other minds.

Mr. Birrell urges that the passionate sincerity of Miss Brontë's novels must always win for them a hearing as long as men and women live and love, and suffer and rejoice; while much of George Eliot's work is so weighted with theories, so burdened with moralizing, as to be well-nigh unreadable. It passes out of the region of art into that of ethics. Her later stories are preached rather than told. "Abstract the ethical interest from *Romola*," says Professor Dowden, "and there is a total collapse of design, characters, and incidents."

But one should not judge a novelist, as one does a rope, by the weakest strands. *Romola* is an excellent historical sermon, to which people listened with devout attention thirty-five years ago, but which has ceased now to enthral a congregation. It cost its author a world of trouble. "I was a young woman when I began it," she said, "and an old one when I finished." It has a tendency to age its readers also, and this may account for its obvious decline. We naturally prefer books that help to keep us young. But when we lay aside *Romola* and *Daniel Deronda*—an intolerable Jewish Grandison—and even *Middlemarch*, if need be, and take up the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, or that early masterpiece, *Silas Marner*, we see wherein George Eliot's greatness lies. *Silas Marner* is a brief and very simple story, but it is also a perfect work of art, which is more than can be claimed for *Jane Eyre* or *Villette*.

Now nothing could be less agreeable, or less worth while, than an attempt to disparage Charlotte Brontë. She was—and is—a vital force in literature. She flung *Jane Eyre* as a firebrand into the world of books more than half a century ago, and it has gone on burning brightly ever since. Even in this day of doubt and superciliousness, it gives no sign of smoldering into ashes. It is not a realistic novel; a petty fidelity to unimportant details was far from Miss Brontë's mind. It is unswervingly, relentlessly,

significantly *real.* Its language is for the most part admirably adapted to the purpose in view—a strong, mobile style, quivering with passion, yet sternly repressed into efficiency. It has delighted thousands of readers, and will stir the hearts of thousands more. Time cannot kill a book so intensely alive; but that it has glaring faults no one will deny. It is crude in some parts, and frankly coarse in others. Occasional minor characters, like Blanche Ingram and her mother, are grotesquely puppet-like; and the whole story collapses fatally after the heroine's flight from Thornfield. *Jane Eyre* is a very great novel, with very manifest shortcomings.

Even *Villette,* a much finer book, and its author's crowning achievement, is marred by an almost unpardonable mawkishness, and an absolutely unpardonable asperity. The passages about Graham's "firm marble chin" and "straight Greek features," at which poor Lucy dares not look lest the dazzling vision strike her blind, are calculated to make ordinary readers a little sick. The angry resentment which Miss Brontë never ceased to cherish against Belgians because they were not Britons, and against Roman Catholics because they were not Protestants, is very wearing to the spirit. Why should this uncompromising little Englishwoman have so hated and mistrusted every sentiment and every creed in which she had no share? The only thing that recon-

ciles us to the harshness of *Villette* is M. Paul Emanuel, and he—fierce and adorable little foreigner—lives forever enthroned in our hearts. Beside him, Rochester dwindles to a farthing dip.

When we compare these powerful and faulty novels—Miss Brontë's best work—with George Eliot's earlier stories, which are likewise *her* best work, we find it hard to accept lightly Mr. Birrell's summing up. *Silas Marner* is but mild reading after *Villette*; it cannot strike fire from a flint as does *Jane Eyre*; but it is a flawless little tale, admirably conceived, and still more admirably executed. It has humor, a quality which Charlotte Brontë never possessed and, it is to be feared, despised. It is one of those rarely satisfactory books that bring joy to the heart and peace to the soul. There is nothing to be omitted, nothing added, nothing changed. Its moral, if relentless, is inevitable—not merely lugged in to afford a text. Above all, it is written with a serenity of temper very nearly equal to Jane Austen's. George Eliot, though never passionately contentious like Charlotte Brontë, was much given in later life to fretting herself and her readers; but *Silas Marner*, the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and, one may safely add, *The Mill on the Floss*, are guiltless of fault-finding and acerbity.

Nothing is stranger or more significant than the way fortune dealt with these three fine story-writers. How lavish with all her honors she was

to one, how moderate to another, how niggardly to a third, and that third the greatest of the three. What was the matter with Jane Austen's contemporaries that they did not go wild with delight when her books appeared, instead of manifesting a sleepy unconcern for which one would like even now to shake them? They were quick to recognize the genius of Sir Walter Scott. They gave Miss Edgeworth her full meed of praise, and something over. What malign spell closed their eyes and ears to the supreme charm of novels infinitely superior to Miss Edgeworth's, and worthy to rank with Scott's? *Pride and Prejudice* was thirteen years finding a publisher. *Northanger Abbey* was first sold for the munificent sum of ten pounds; and its purchaser, never daring to print it, was delighted, some years later, to get his money back again. *Persuasion*, which many critics deem the most beautiful of all the stories, remained in manuscript until after Miss Austen's death. The earnings of her lifetime barely amounted to seven hundred pounds. A few fortunate souls—among them Sir Walter and the Prince Regent—understood her merits and were her thrice happy readers. The rest of the world—the English world—never awakened to her genius. The year after she died, a timid biographer ventured to say that "some people are disposed to put her books beside those of Miss Burney and Miss Edge-

worth," a sentiment which he plainly considered extravagant. Dr. Whately was perhaps the first critic to win a hearing when he roundly asserted the superlative excellence of *Emma* and *Mansfield Park*. He struck a note which has echoed ever since, increasing in volume and emphasis as the years roll by, until now language is exhausted in praise. New and beautiful editions of Miss Austen's novels follow each other in quick succession. All are eagerly bought, and as eagerly read, for it seems impossible to own too many, or to read them too often. At every fresh perusal, our love and admiration grow with what they feed upon. The stories are a heritage of delight.

Charlotte Brontë's life was harder and sadder than Jane Austen's, but it was gilded by the sunshine of success. She met with profound discouragement, it is true, at the beginning of her career, but then she began wrong. She was no poet, yet she started out by writing and publishing verse—publishing it, too, at her own expense, which is always a hazardous and pitiful experiment. She sent this verse to Southey, and he advised her very seriously, and very naturally, to let literature alone. Her first novel, *The Professor*, went a dreary round, and was everywhere rejected; but then *The Professor* is an almost unreadable book. It was returned for the last time the day her father was operated upon for cataract; and that night the indomitable little creature

sat down in the sick room and began *Jane Eyre*. Such splendid courage is not wont to fail, and Miss Brontë had at last laid firm hold of her own power. *Jane Eyre* was immediately accepted, and published without delay. It needed no help from reviewers, and it got none. It made its way straight to the public, was received with unqualified, if somewhat timorous, delight, and has been read steadily ever since. Nothing could dispel the gloom which shadowed Charlotte Brontë's path; but modest fame and modest fortune were hers to enjoy. She did enjoy them, and was profoundly sensitive to anything like adverse criticism. Once, in a moment of unwisdom, she begged Miss Martineau to point out the defects in her work, a request with which the obliging lady complied so heartily when *Villette* was published that the authoress, outraged and indignant, informed her too candid friend that all intercourse between them must cease. She had not expected such robust truth-telling.

George Eliot was even more thin-skinned; but then it was her happy and exceptional fate to be fed on praises. If ever there was a dissentient criticism, Mr. Lewes took good care she should not hear it. Only pleasant voices were permitted to reach her ear. And how pleasant they were! —Charles Reade's, for example, stoutly affirming that *Adam Bede* was "the finest thing since Shakespeare." Eight hundred pounds was the

price asked and paid for four years' copyright—more than all Jane Austen's books yielded her in a lifetime. *Cornhill Magazine* paid, only for the serial rights of *Romola*, seven thousand pounds. The four-volume edition of *Middlemarch*—there was nothing cheaper—cost each purchaser two guineas; and sixteen thousand copies were sold in a year at that preposterous and ruinous sum. Serious people seem to have believed honestly that pulpit fiction was going to regenerate the world, and that "a chill but seemly halo of the Golden Age" was lighting up the pathway of man. George Eliot believed it, too. She stifled her delicious humor, turned from her simple country folk (who will be loved until the end of time), and gravely announced herself an "esthetic teacher," as if poor tired humanity were not over-taught already, without entering into *her* classes. Enthusiasm reached fever-heat during the last years of her life, and reaction followed swiftly upon her death. Mr. John Morley struck the first blow, and other critics followed his example. Mr. Henley flippantly asserted that all her women were "governesses in revolt," which certainly is not true. The publication of her dreary, self-conscious letters destroyed every vestige of illusion in the public mind. For the past twenty years George Eliot's star has waned. She has received less attention than is her due.

But time will readjust the scales. They are

being more nicely balanced even now. Enthusiasm, as Mr. Froude wisely observes, is but a fire of straw. Neglect is but a passing cloud. Neither counts for anything in the long run. The "disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world" triumphs always in the end, and will assign to each of England's three great woman novelists her niche in the temple of fame.

Agnes Repplier

Emily Brontë and *Wuthering Heights:*

By MARY E. WILKINS

Emily Brontë and *Wuthering Heights:*

BY MARY E. WILKINS

Since 1880 Miss Mary Eleanor Wilkins has given to the world of readers a long series of short stories and novels with here and there a poem. Sprung from Puritan stock on her father's side, and from "fine gentle people of the old sort" on her mother's, Miss Wilkins has lived the quiet, uneventful life of rural New England that has percolated through her books and won for her a place in the younger school of American writers. Her life has been spent in Randolph, Mass., her native town, except during the school days at Mount Holyoke Seminary and several years' residence at Brattleboro, Vt. She has grown into the everyday life of the everyday people about her, and they live again in her books. A dozen or more novels have appeared since her first unpretentious tales when she was scarce eighteen. *A Humble Romance* and *A New England Nun* are typical collections of her shorter stories; *Pembroke*, *Madelon*, and *The Portion of Labor* represent her novels. Her books have an assured place on the shelves of libraries all over the land, and from month to month newcomers show their plain, welcome country faces in our magazines.

It may possibly be considered as scarcely fair to characterize a writer of only one book as a great novelist, but after all, the proof of the labor lies not in the quantity but in the quality. Perhaps, going even farther, it lies not so much in achieve-

ment as in promise. There seems little doubt that had Emily Brontë lived, and had her genius been somewhat toned and crystallized, she might have surpassed her great sister, Charlotte. There are certainly forces at work in *Wuthering Heights* beyond those in *Jane Eyre*, *The Professor*, *Villette*, and *Shirley*. While the book is offensive, even repulsive, it has the repulsiveness of power. Charlotte Brontë's books are unmistakably those of a woman—a woman fretting at and scorning the limitations of her sex and her day, yet in a measure yielding to them. But Emily fairly takes the bit between her teeth and overleaps the barriers, and yet with such an innocence of power and necessity as to make one lose sight of the unwontedness.

There is in *Wuthering Heights* the pitilessness of genius, not only toward the sensibilities of the reader, but toward those of the writer. All that Emily Brontë is intent upon is the truth, the exactness of the equations of her characters, not the impression which they make upon her readers or herself. She handles brutality and coarseness as another woman would handle a painted fan. It is enough for her that the thing is so. It is not her business if it comes down like a sledge-hammer upon the nerves of her audience, or even if it casts reflections derogatory to herself. She is an artist after the manner of the creator of the Laocoön. She uses the scalpel as unflinchingly

as the brush. She displays naked nerve and muscle unshrinkingly, and has no thought for graceful curves of flesh to conceal them. Had she lived longer she might have become equally acquainted with the truth and power of grace; she might have widened her audience; she might have attracted, instead of repelled; but she could not have written a greater book, as far as the abstract quality of greatness goes. *Wuthering Heights* from first to last is an unflinching masterpiece. There is evident no quiver of feminine nerves in the mind or hand. The utter fearlessness of the witness of the truth is upon her. She hedges at nothing. She has no thought for her womanly frills. She clears walls at a bound. She mixes her colors not to please and allure, but because of the facts of creation.

Wuthering Heights is almost inconceivable, taken as the work of a woman, still more as the work of a woman living an isolated life in a country parsonage in the midst of barren moorlands. How she ever came to comprehend the primitive brutalities and passions, and the great truth of life which sanctifies them, is a mystery. The knowledge could not have come from any actual experience. The book is not the result of any personal stress. She had given to her a light for the hidden darkness of human nature, irrespective of her own emotions. A lamp was set to her feet in the beginning. If a girl of twenty-eight

could write a novel like *Wuthering Heights*, no other conclusion is possible.

Taken as a love story there is nothing in fiction to compare with the savage, irresistible cleaving to one another of Heathcliff and Catherine. It is almost unearthly. Married although Catherine was, and her lover not her husband, one gets a strange sense of guiltiness from this unrestrained might of love. It is made evident as one of the great forces of life; it is beyond earthly consideration; it survives death. It does not deal with the social problem; it is beyond it. It is a fusion of two souls under a law as unchangeable and uncontrovertible as any law of chemistry. While one condemns, one admits the inevitable. One might as well think of questioning the resistless plunge of the rapids toward the brink of Niagara. It is difficult to recall a heroine who, loving a man other than her husband, gives one such a sense of innocence and stern purity. She seems almost to hold a sword against her own heart, even in that wild love scene a few hours before her death. Perhaps this is the principal touch in the book which betrays the woman writer. Perhaps only a maiden woman could portray a scene of such passion and innocence. Perhaps only a woman could have in her brain the conception of such forces and not make them a part of her own life.

We all know the story of those Brontë sisters—

the life of those gifted souls in that lonely parsonage in Yorkshire, their spurring one another to further effort—but our wonder as to them never grows less. In these days we say that knowledge of the world, and contact with those who best represent the tendency of the times and its progress, are necessary to success in any work of art. We mention this man or that as coming closely in contact with the true spirit of his day and generation, in most cases seeming to gain his power by unlimited opportunities for knowledge. All the gates of humanity have been unbarred to him. In this time of ready transit and contact, there are for a man few obstacles which he cannot overcome in the way of knowledge of his kind; it is still somewhat different for a woman. But the Brontës wrote over half a century ago, and they were women hedged about with great spaces of loneliness and insuperable barriers of religion, in an isolated parsonage with more of the dead than the living for neighbors. How did they gain this knowledge?

The *how* is very pronounced in the case of both Charlotte and Anne Brontë, perhaps still more in the case of Emily. How this girl knew the truths, the savage but undeniable truths which she had never been taught, the strength of the passions which she had never known and which she would doubtless have held as a shame to her maiden soul, is the question. Who taught her to strike

nails on the head as with the hammer of Thor? It seems a case of downright subjective genius, utterly removed from any question of personal experience or outside influence. Even granting that there had come within her observation some such savage and primeval characters as those in *Wuthering Heights*, how did she know how to develop them, and without a flaw in her premises? Her two and two always make four. There is never a slip. We condemn her characters, yet we acknowledge them and their might of personality.

Moreover, all the time we feel that we have to do with them, not with Emily Brontë. The personality of the author is entirely in the background, so entirely that it seems almost an impossibility to dwell upon it, even to think of it without tearing down, as it were, the wall of imperishable work which she has placed before herself. In *Wuthering Heights* we have to deal with Heathcliff and Catherine, and Isabella and Earnshaw, not with the woman who put their histories upon paper. She wrote about them, that was all. She was not in the least responsible for their wild rebellion and revolt against the existing order of things. She saw these souls revolving unto death in a whirlpool of primitive emotion, and she depicted them, not omitting one oath or one shade of savagery and horror. It is like a great battlefield described by one posted on some calm tower of observation, with a soul so far

removed from selfish emotions that it shrinks at nothing. What was it to Emily Brontë if her heroines were beaten, so they *were* beaten? One cannot imagine her weeping over that sad cut in the luckless Isabella's fair neck, though after all she may have wept. It is never safe to judge an artist by his work. He may write with ice or fire, and none but himself know; but *Wuthering Heights* gives the impression of impersonality on the part of the author, if ever a book did. It is far different in that respect from Charlotte Brontë's work. There is the nervous throb of a woman's heart through *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*, but in *Wuthering Heights*, if the throb be there we do not feel it.

Wuthering Heights is the one novel of a woman, dead over half a century, and it is a book which offends and repels, but for all that it is the great work of a great woman novelist.

Mary E. Wilkins

NOTE.—Readers who may be attracted by this paper to know something more of the life and character of Emily Brontë are referred to her *Life* by Miss Robinson, in the Famous Women series.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

MRS. GASKELL:
A Brief Biographical Sketch BY THE EDITOR

MRS. GASKELL: *A Brief Biographical Sketch* BY THE EDITOR

Mrs. Gaskell will probably descend to posterity as the author of one of the greatest biographies in the English language—the vivid and sympathetic *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. Her novels, once so widely read, are slowly drifting toward the sea of oblivion. *Cranford*, that most delightful presentation of English village aristocracy, still survives, but other and stronger work seems already forgotten.

A brief account of her life, pointing out her claims to attention on the part of the student of English fiction, may be of some interest to the readers of this course, particularly as not even a sketch of her life exists in English apart from the obituary notices in the papers of her day.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born in Chelsea, London, in September, 1810. Her mother died within the month, and the baby was carried down to an aunt in Knutsford, the little town which she has immortalized as Cranford. Here she spent her girlhood, with the exception of an occasional visit to London and a two-years' schooling at Stratford-on-Avon; and here she

married, in 1832, the Rev. William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister of Manchester.

The marriage was extremely happy. She assisted her husband in his labors among the workingmen of Manchester, and he, in turn, sympathized with and encouraged her literary ambitions. For some years after her marriage these lay in abeyance, and it was not till after the death of her only son in 1844 that, by her husband's advice, she turned to literature. Her first novel, *Mary Barton*, appeared in 1848, and won an immediate success. It dealt with the trials and sufferings of the workingmen she knew so well, and, though by no means sparing their faults and weaknesses, it earnestly strove to open the eyes of the captains of industry to the wretched conditions in which the privates of the labor army lived. The book was warmly welcomed by all true friends of progress, and, of course, as bitterly attacked by the conservative opponents of change. Mrs. Gaskell followed up this first success by a number of contributions to Dickens' magazine, *Household Words*, and in 1853 published her second long novel, *Ruth Cranford*, which had been appearing as a series of sketches in *Household Words*, came out in book form in June of the same year. *North and South*, another story of manufacturing life, written this time from the point of view of the masters, appeared in 1855.

She had been for five years the close friend and correspondent of Charlotte Brontë, and in the year following the tragic death of her friend she undertook the preparation of her biography. The work appeared in 1857 and was received with immense applause by the public, which was quick to realize that it presented a living portrait of one of the most remarkable of English women. On the other hand, it was severely criticized; several errors of fact were pointed out, and Mrs. Gaskell was forced to make a public retractation of certain statements and to suppress, as far as possible, all copies of the first edition. But in spite of these errors the work still remains the chief authority on Miss Brontë's life and the only true interpretation of her extraordinary character.

For some years after the publication of the *Life* Mrs. Gaskell ceased to write. It is suggested that the troubles in which the publication of this book involved her caused her, for a time, to turn her back upon the world of letters and busy herself with social and philanthropic work. But it is seldom that a woman who has tasted the sweets of literary success puts the cup away from her lips for good and all. In 1863 Mrs. Gaskell appeared once more in the field with the pleasant story of *Sylvia's Lovers;* a little later came *Cousin Phillis*, pronounced by some critics the most perfect of all her works. Her last novel, *Wives and Daughters*, was running as a serial in

The Cornhill Magazine at the time of her sudden death from heart disease in November, 1865.

Mrs. Gaskell was one of the few happy women of genius. She was loving and sympathetic, gifted with a quick sense of humor and a very true and tender pathos. Her works reflect her clear and reasonable mind. She was less artistic than Jane Austen, less passionate than Charlotte Brontë, less philosophic than George Eliot; yet she possessed a combination of these qualities that enabled her to win a high place for herself in the literature of the day and to accomplish some work at least that will live.

Critical Comment

Critical Comment

JANE AUSTEN

Sir Walter Scott

I read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice.* That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself, like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the sentiments is denied to me.

Thomas Babington Macaulay

Among the writers who in this point (the power of reproducing in art the endless diversity of nature) have approached nearest to Shakespeare's manner we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen. . . . She has given us a multitude of characters all in a certain sense commonplace, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom, Mr. Edward

Ferrars, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edmund Bertram and Mr. Elton. They are all specimens of the upper part of the middle class. They have all been liberally educated. They all lie under the restraints of the same sacred profession. They are all young. They are all in love. Not one of them has any hobby-horse, to use the phrase of Sterne. Not one has a ruling passion such as we read of in Pope. Who would not have expected them to be insipid likenesses of each other? No such thing! Harpagon is not more unlike to Jourdain; Joseph Surface is not more unlike to Sir Lucius O'Trigger than every one of Miss Austen's young divines to all his reverend brethren. And almost all this is done by touches so delicate that they elude analysis, that they defy the powers of description, and that we know them to exist only by the general effect to which they have contributed.

Charlotte Brontë

I had not seen *Pride and Prejudice* till I read that sentence of yours (referring to Lewes' remark that he would rather have written *Pride and Prejudice* than any of the Waverley novels), and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate daguerreotyped portrait of a commonplace face; a carefully fenced, highly cultivated garden, with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glances of a bright, vivid

physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen in their elegant but confined house. These observations will probably irritate you, but I shall run the risk.

George Eliot

First and foremost let Jane Austen be named the greatest artist that has ever written, using the term to signify the most perfect mastery over the means to her end. There are heights and depths in human nature Miss Austen has never scaled nor fathomed, there are worlds of passionate existence into which she has never set foot; but although this is obvious to every reader, it is equally obvious that she has risked no failures by attempting to delineate that which she had not seen. Her circle may be restricted, but it is complete. Her world is a perfect orb, and vital. Life, as it presents itself to an English gentlewoman peacefully yet actively engaged in her quiet village, is mirrored in her works with a purity and fidelity that must endow them with interest for all time. To read one of her books is like an actual experience of life; you know the people as if you had lived with them, and you feel something of personal affection towards them. The marvelous reality and subtle distinctive traits noticeable in her portraits has led Macaulay to call her a prose Shakespeare. If the whole force

of the distinction which lies in that epithet *prose* be fairly appreciated, no one, we think, will dispute the compliment; for out of Shakespeare it would be difficult to find characters so typical yet so nicely demarcated within the limits of their kind. We do not find such profound psychological insight as may be found in George Sand (not to mention male writers), but taking the type to which the characters belong, we see the most intimate and accurate knowledge in all Miss Austen's creations.

Only cultivated minds fairly appreciate the exquisite art of Miss Austen. Those who demand the stimulus of "effects," those who can only see by strong lights and shadows, will find her tame and uninteresting. We may illustrate this by one detail. Lucy Steele's bad English, so delicately and truthfully indicated, would in the hands of another have been more obvious, more "effective" in its exaggeration; but the loss of this comic effect is more than replaced to the cultivated reader by his relish of the nice discrimination visible in its truthfulness. And so of the rest. Strong lights are unnecessary, true lights being at command. The incidents, the characters, the dialogue—all are of every-day life; and so truthfully presented, that to appreciate the art we must try to imitate it, or carefully compare it with that of others.

We are but echoing an universal note of

praise in speaking thus highly of her works; and it is from no desire of simply swelling that chorus of praise that we name her here, but to call attention to the peculiar excellence, at once womanly and literary, which has earned this reputation. Of all imaginative writers, she is the most real. Never does she transcend her own actual experience, never does her pen trace a line that does not touch the experience of others. Herein we recognize the first quality of literature. We recognize the second and more special quality of womanliness in the tone and point of view; they are novels written by a woman, an Englishwoman, a gentlewoman; no signature could disguise that fact; and because she has so faithfully (although unconsciously) kept to her own womanly point of view, her works are durable. There is nothing of the *doctrinaire* in Jane Austen, not a trace of woman's "mission;" but as the most truthful, charming, humorous, pure-minded, quickwitted, and unexaggerated of writers, female literature has reason to be proud of her.

GEORGE SAND

F. W. H. Myers

The most noteworthy woman, with perhaps one exception, who has appeared in literature since Sappho.

George Eliot

Of greater genius, and incomparably deeper experience, George Sand represents woman's literature more illustriously and more obviously. In her, quite apart from the magnificent gifts of Nature, we see the influence of Sorrow, as a determining impulse to write, and the abiding consciousness of the womanly point of view as the subject-matter of her writings. In vain has she chosen the mask of a man; the features of a woman are everywhere visible. Since Goethe, no one has been able to say with so much truth, "My writings are my confessions." Her biography lies there, presented, indeed, in a fragmentary shape, and under wayward disguises, but, nevertheless, giving to the motley groups the strange and unmistakable charm of reality. Her grandmother, by whom she was brought up, disgusted at her not being a boy, resolved to remedy the misfortune as far as possible by educating her like a boy. We may say of this, as of all the other irregularities of her strange and exceptional life, that whatever unhappiness and error may be traceable thereto, its influence on her writings has been beneficial, by giving a greater range to her experience. It may be selfish to rejoice over the malady which secretes a pearl, but the possessor of the pearl may at least congratulate himself that at any rate the pearl has been produced; and so of the unhappiness of genius.

Certainly few women have had such profound and varied experience as George Sand; none have turned it to more account. Her writings contain many passages that her warmest admirers would wish unwritten; but although severe criticism may detect the weak places, the severest criticism must conclude with the admission of her standing among the highest minds of literature. In the matter of eloquence, she surpasses anything France has yet produced. There has been no style at once so large, so harmonious, so expressive, and so unaffected; like a light shining through an alabaster vase, the ideas shine through her diction; while, as regards rhythmic melody of phrase, it is a style such as Beethoven might have written, had he uttered in words the melodious passion that was in him.

But deeper than all eloquence, grander than all grandeur of phrase, is that forlorn splendor of a life of passionate experience painted in her works. There is no man so wise but he may learn from them, for they are the utterances of a soul in pain, a soul that has been tried. No man could have written her books, for no man could have had her experience, even with a genius equal to her own. The philosopher may smile sometimes at her philosophy, for *that* is only a reflex of some man whose ideas she has adopted; the critic may smile sometimes at her failure in delineating men; but both philosopher and critic

must perceive that those writings of hers are *original*, are genuine, are transcripts of experience, and as such fulfil the primary condition of all literature.

F. W. H. Myers

In the Romances of Exposition, of which *Consuelo* is one of the earliest and one of the best examples, we find the question of Women's Rights treated in an eminently sound spirit; that is, we find a series of impressive but temperate protests against such injustices towards women as are sanctioned in France by society and law, but coupled therewith a continual encouragement to women to begin by developing and respecting themselves—to *deserve* at any rate the respect of men, and to be confident that the state of any class of human beings will ultimately conform itself to their intrinsic deserts. This is the chief lesson of Consuelo's history; the child of an unknown father and of a gipsy tramp—the struggling singer at the opera of licentious towns—she rises by the sheer force of her own modest self-respect to a position of acknowledged moral greatness which attracts the affection and reverence of all classes of men.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Leslie Stephen

The amazing vividness of her portrait-painting is the quality which more than any other makes her work unique among modern fiction. . . . The specific peculiarity of Miss Brontë seems to be the power of revealing to us the potentiality of intense passions lurking behind the scenery of everyday life. Except in the most melodramatic—which is also the weakest—part of *Jane Eyre*, we have lives almost as uneventful as those of Miss Austen and yet charged to the utmost with latent power. . . . Miss Austen makes you feel that a tea-party in a country parsonage may be as amusing as the most brilliant meeting of cosmopolitan celebrities; and Miss Brontë that it may display characters capable of shaking empires and discovering new worlds.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

In knowledge, in culture, perhaps in the capacity for knowledge and for culture, Charlotte Brontë was no more comparable to George Eliot than George Eliot is to Charlotte Brontë in purity of passion, in depth and ardour of feeling, in spiritual force and fervour of forthright inspiration. It would be rather a rough and sweeping than a loose and inaccurate division which should define the one as a type of genius distinguished

from intellect, the other of intellect as opposed to genius. But it would, as I venture to think, be little or nothing more or less than accurate to recognise in George Eliot a type of intelligence vivified and coloured by a vein of genius, in Charlotte Brontë a type of genius directed and moulded by the touch of intelligence.

Richard Holt Hutton

It was very different with Miss Brontë. Her imagination was not, and under the circumstances of her life could not have been, at home with the light play of social influences. There is even an abruptness of outline, a total want of social cohesion among her characters. They are sternly drawn, with much strong shading, and kept in isolated spheres. They break, or rather burst, in upon each other, when they exert mutual influences at all, with a rude effort, that is significant enough of the shyness of a solitary creative imagination. Still, for this very reason, what characters Miss Brontë does conceive truly, she reveals much more deeply than the society-novelists of whom I have been speaking. She has no familiarity with the delicate touches and shades by which they succeed in conveying a distinct impression without laying bare the deeper secrets of character. She has not, like them, any power of giving in her delineations traces of thought and

feeling which lie beyond her actual grasp. She has a full and conscious hold of all the moods she paints; and though her paintings are in nine cases out of ten far less lifelike, yet when lifelike they are far more profoundly imagined than those of Mr. Trollope, Miss Austen, Mrs. Gaskell, or even Thackeray himself. There is as little common life, diffused atmosphere of thought, and there are as few connecting social ideas, amongst the various figures in Miss Brontë's tales as is possible to conceive among fellow-men and fellow-countrymen. But what personal life there is, is of the deepest sort, though it is apt to be too exceptional and individual, and too little composed out of elements of universal experience.

The novelists of the society-school, who delineate not so much individual figures as a complete phase of society, have what one may call a medium ready to their hand in which to trace the characteristic features of the natures they delineate. They have a familiar world of manners to paint, in which a modulation, an omission, or an emphasis here and there, are quite sufficient to mark a character, or indicate a latent emotion. Not so an author who, like Miss Brontë, endeavoured to fit all her characters with a new and appropriate outward manner of their own as distinct and special as the inward nature it expressed. With her there was necessarily a directness of delineation, a strong downrightness in the

drawing which is in very marked contrast with the method that charms us so much in the pictures of Miss Austen and her modern successors. Much of the art of the drawing-room novelists consists in the indirectness, the allusiveness, the educated reticence of the artists. They portray a society; they indicate an individuality. They delight in fine strokes; they will give a long conversation which scarcely advances the narrative at all, for the sake of a few delicate touches of shade or colour on an individual character. In the power to paint this play of common social life, in which there are comparatively but few key-notes of distinct personality, the charm of this school of art consists; while Miss Brontë's lay in the Rembrandt-like distinctness with which all that the mind conceived was brought into the full blaze of light, and the direct vigour with which all the prominent features were marked out.

GEORGE ELIOT

Mathilde Blind

George Eliot, contemplative, observant, instinctively conservative, her imagination dearly loving to do "a little Toryism on the sly," is, as yet, the sole outcome of the modern positive spirit in imaginative literature—the sole novelist who has incorporated in an artistic form some of the leading ideas of Comte, of Mazzini, and of Darwin. In fact, underlying all her art there is

the same rigorous teaching of the inexorable laws which govern the life of man; the teaching that not liberty but duty is the condition of existence; the teaching of the incalculable effects of hereditary transmission, with the solemn responsibilities which it involves; the teaching of the inherent sadness and imperfection of human nature which render resignation the first virtue of man.

Leslie Stephen

The so-called masculine quality of George Eliot—her wide and calm intelligence—was certainly combined with a thoroughly feminine nature; and the more one reads her books and notes her real triumphs, the more strongly this comes out. The poetry and pathos which she seeks to reveal under common-place surroundings is chiefly found in feminine hearts. Each of the early books is the record of an ordeal endured by some suffering woman. In the *Scenes from Clerical Life* the interest really centres in the women whose fate is bound up with the acts of the clerical heroes. That George Eliot succeeded remarkably in some male portraits, and notably in Tom Tulliver, is undeniable. Yet the men were often simply women in disguise.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Few or none, I should suppose, of her most passionate and intelligent admirers would refuse

to accept *The Mill on the Floss* as on the whole at once the highest and purest and fullest example of her magnificent and matchless powers. The first two-thirds of the book suffice to compose, perhaps, the very noblest of tragic as well as of humorous prose idyls in the language.

J. W. Cross

It is not without interest to hear the author's explanation and defence of certain features which have from the beginning been regarded as flaws more or less serious in an otherwise wellnigh perfect piece of art. George Eliot says, in answer to some criticisms of Bulwer Lytton:

"On two points I recognise the justice of his criticism. First, that Maggie is made to appear too passive in the scene of quarrel in the Red Deeps. If my book were still in manuscript I should alter, or rather expand, that scene. Secondly, that the tragedy is not adequately prepared. This is a defect which I felt even while writing the third volume, and have felt ever since the manuscript left me. The *epische breite* (epic fulness) into which I was beguiled by the love of my subject in the first two volumes caused a want of proportionate fulness in the treatment of the third, which I shall always regret. The other chief point of criticism—Maggie's position toward Stephen—is too vital a part of my whole conception and purpose for me to be converted to the

condemnation of it. If I am wrong there—if I really did not know what my heroine would feel and do under the circumstances in which I deliberately placed her—I ought not to have written this book at all, but a quite different book, if any. If the ethics of art do not admit the truthful presentation of a character essentially noble, but liable to great error—error that is anguish to its own nobleness—then, it seems to me, the ethics of art are too narrow and must be widened to correspond with a widening psychology."

MRS. GASKELL

George Sand

Mrs. Gaskell has done what neither I nor other female writers in France can accomplish; she has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world and yet which every girl will be the better for reading.

George Eliot

Two celebrated women whose works have produced an extraordinary "sensation"—the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, and the authoress of *Mary Barton*—owe their success, we believe, to the union of rare yet indispensable qualities. They have both given imaginative expression to actual experience; they have not invented, but reproduced; they have preferred the truth, such

as their own experience testified, to the vague, false, conventional notions current in circulating libraries. Whatever of weakness may be pointed out in their works will, we are positive, be mostly in those parts where experience is deserted, and the supposed requirements of fiction have been listened to; whatever has really affected the public mind is, we are equally certain, the transcript of some actual incident, character, or emotion. Note, moreover, that beyond this basis of actuality these writers have the further advantage of deep feeling united to keen observation. The presence of observation is more apparent in *Mary Barton* than in *Jane Eyre*, as it is possibly more predominant in the mind of the authoress; and this is why there never was even a momentary doubt as to the writer's sex, a woman's delicate hand being visible in the strongest pages; whereas *Jane Eyre* was not only attributed to a man, but one of the most keen-witted and observing of female writers dogmatically pronounced, upon internal evidence, that none but a man could have written it. The force and even fierceness of the style certainly suggested doubts, but what man could have drawn Jane herself; above all, what man could *so* have drawn Rochester!

A Letter from ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

A Letter from ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

Newton Centre, Mass.,
September 19, 1901.

To the Educational Director of The Booklovers Library.

Dear Sir:

I send the list of four selected woman novelists with the feeling that it needs a word of comment.

In truth, I found the choice not a light one. The greatest minds of the world are perhaps never so easy to elect as one supposes, and in a limited list opposing claims crowd each other hard.

Jane Austen, who ranks so high that the absence of her name must occur to almost any reader, I do not include, because I think she belongs more than some others to what may be called the temperamental class of writers. She is less inevitable to a variety of

natures. I do not personally find her among the four great novelists of the world, and I suppose it is the personal impression that you want.

I am also quite conscious that it is less the fashion to regard Charlotte Brontë than it used to be; but she seems to me a writer who cannot be forgotten, if only for the spontaneity and sincerity of her genius. Whatever her faults, she had inspiration and expressed it with power; and these are the elements of life in a book.

In the case of George Sand, the selection of her work is difficult and brief, rather for ethical than for literary reasons. I may perhaps say that I name the one of her books with which I am best acquainted.

Concerning the other of the "two great Georges," the voice of the reading world would be one, I am sure. The crown is buried with the queen.

And who dares question the right of the pathetic and historic

face of Uncle Tom to appear in this august company?

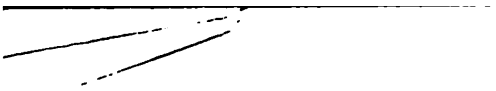
Had the list been larger, I should have liked to include the books of Mrs. Oliphant, Fredrika Bremer, and some other strong, fine work by women.

It has seemed wise to omit the living from this question. I should have been glad of the opportunity to pay tribute to the power of at least one eminent English novelist, and to the genius of one or two of my own countrywomen.

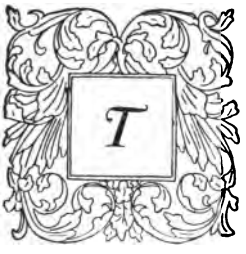
I am, sir,

Yours truly,

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward



Stimulative Questions



he following questions are meant to stimulate the reader's mind to a fuller apprehension of what he has read, to enable him to review his reading, to distinguish the important from the immaterial, to correct and fix his own ideas. They are in no sense of the word catch questions, nor are they meant as mere tests of the memory. No one method can be laid down for their use; but it is suggested that they be taken up only after a first reading of the books upon which they are based, and that the answers, drawn as far as possible from these books, be written in a note-book, together with any original ideas to which such a study may give birth. Such a note-book should be in a few years of considerable interest and value to the student.

In cases where a class or a club is studying, the questions may be distributed among several members, and the answers, prepared at home, may be read aloud and compared in class. This should give rise to interesting and profitable discussions.

Memoranda:

STIMULATIVE QUESTIONS

JANE AUSTEN: *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*

1. What is the significance of the title?

2. What are the main features in the character of Elizabeth? How does she compare with earlier heroines of fiction?

3. What good qualities are present in the character of Darcy?

4. Characterize briefly the various members of the Bennet family.

5. Point out the steps by which Darcy and Elizabeth are united.

6. What characters in *Pride and Prejudice* might be considered as comic exaggerations?

7. In what does the charm and interest of *Pride and Prejudice* lie—in the plot, character drawing, or style?

8. What are the chief features of Miss Austen's style? Point out instances of her irony, command of epigram, and mastery of dialogue.

GEORGE SAND

1. What elements did the ancestry of George Sand contribute to her character?

2. What opposing forces helped to mold her character in youth?

3. On what grounds did she separate from her husband?

4. Describe her early struggles in Paris and her first success.

5. What can be said of the moral tone and artistic merits of her early novels?

6. What influences led George Sand to take part in the political and social struggles of her time? What were her political and social ideals? In what novels did she embody these?

7. What are the chief merits and defects of *Consuelo*?

8. Describe George Sand's political activity during the years 1848–49. What were her relations with Napoleon III?

9. Why did George Sand excel in stories of peasant life? What are her best works in this class?

10. What success did she attain as a dramatist? What is the chief fault of her plays?

11. What can be said of George Sand's plots, her style and power of characterization? How do realism and idealism mingle in her works?

12. What may be said in general of her moral tendencies? How did she herself regard her work? What was her conception of virtue?

13. What is M'Carthy's opinion of George Sand's influence on letters and thought? What does he think of the moral influence of her work?

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

1. What influence did Charlotte Brontë's early environment have upon the development of her genius?

2. What scenes and characters from her school life are embodied in her novels?

3. How did Miss Brontë regard the occupation of governess? How does this feeling manifest itself in *Jane Eyre*?

4. What influence did her life at Brussels have upon her mental development? What scenes and persons from this period are embodied in *Villette*?

5. Describe the life of the Brontë sisters at Haworth. What incident led them to seek publication? What were their first works, and how were they received by the public?

6. What effect did *Jane Eyre* have upon the reading world? How much of Miss Brontë is embodied in the heroine?

7. Under what circumstances was *Shirley* written? What scenes and persons from Miss Brontë's own experience are to be found in this novel?

8. Under what circumstances was *Villette* written? What was the author's original intention as to the close of this novel? How far did she yield to her father's suggestions? What criticism does she herself make of the book and its characters?

9. Give a brief account of Miss Brontë's courtship and married life.

10. What were the essential features in the character of Charlotte Brontë, and how are these brought out in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*?

11. How does Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* compare with some of the other famous biographies in English literature in accuracy, sympathy, vividness of presentation, and literary skill?

GEORGE ELIOT

1. What influence was exerted on George Eliot by her parentage and early environment?

2. What did she gain from her schools? What were her early religious opinions?

3. At what time and under what influences did she abandon her faith in Christianity? What work did she do under the influence of her new environment?

4. How can her connection with Lewes be defended? How did she regard it? What influence did it have on her life and his?

5. What are some of the most striking traits of George Eliot's character?

6. What can be said of George Eliot's prose style, her constructive and dramatic power, her humor and satire?

7. What was her theory of the novel? What did she regard as woman's function in novel writing? What did she consider to be the bases of fiction?

8. What poetic qualities may be found in her prose work? What are the main characteristics of her verse? What are its chief defects?

9. What is George Eliot's standing as a thinker? What are her most distinctive philosophic doctrines? Why did she believe in the necessity of religion? What were her conceptions of God and immortality?

10. What did George Eliot consider the chief duties of man? How is her conception of Nemesis illustrated in her novels?

11. What scenes and persons from her own experience appear in her first work of fiction?

12. What is the underlying lesson of *Adam Bede?*

13. Point out the autobiographical element in *The Mill on the Floss.* What is the chief flaw in this book? How can it be excused?

14. What are the artistic and ethical merits of *Silas Marner?*

15. What was George Eliot's purpose in writing *Romola?* What are the chief merits and defects of this book?

16. Under what light is the influence of social environment regarded in *Middlemarch?*

17. How does the Jewish race serve in *Daniel Deronda* as a proof of the writer's belief in tradition? How are altruism and egoism contrasted in this book?

18. What is the chief claim to attention possessed by George Eliot's poems and essays?

19. What was George Eliot's method of character portrayal? How far was it successful?

20. What was the effect of George Eliot's belief upon the tone of her work? What was her attitude toward individualism?

Memoranda:

Topics *for* Special Papers *and for* Open Discussion

1. Jane Austen as a representative of the old régime.
2. Was Jane Austen's genius helped or hindered by her consciousness of her limitations?
3. Is the recent revival of interest in the works of Jane Austen likely to be permanent?
4. A comparison between *Pride and Prejudice* and one of Miss Brontë's or George Eliot's novels.
5. Miss Austen and Miss Brontë: a comparison and contrast.
6. George Sand as a literary product of the French Revolution.
7. George Sand and George Eliot: a comparison and contrast.
8. A critical appreciation of *Consuelo.*
9. George Sand's pastorals.
10. The essential features of Miss Brontë's genius.
11. Miss Brontë's treatment of love as compared with Miss Austen's and George Eliot's.
12. A critical appreciation of *Jane Eyre* or *Villette.*
13. What are the essential feminine elements in Miss Brontë's work?
14. George Eliot's realism.
15. George Eliot's humor.
16. George Eliot's pictures of child-life.
17. George Eliot as the literary representative of the modern scientific spirit.
18. Was George Eliot's art on the whole helped or hindered by her philosophic and scientific studies?
19. May any one of these novelists be ranked as the equal of Cervantes, Fielding, Scott, Balzac, Dickens, or Thackeray?

Memoranda:

Supplementary Reading

JANE AUSTEN

Life of Jane Austen (Great Writers Series). By Goldwin Smith.

This pleasant little book contains a brief biography of Jane Austen and a detailed account and criticism of each of her novels.

Unpublished Letters of Jane Austen to Her Relations. Edited by Baron Brabourne.

To the letters is prefixed a memoir giving some additional facts, not of great importance, as to Jane Austen's parentage and surroundings. The letters themselves are, on the whole, rather disappointing, in spite of some amusing touches in the first volume. Miss Austen put all that was good in her into her novels. Probably no woman of genius ever lived so uneventful a life or wrote such tame, domestic letters.

GEORGE SAND

George Sand (Great French Writers Series). By Elme M. Caro; translated by Melville B. Anderson.

A very readable critique of George Sand's work. It is a psychological study rather than a biography, and touches on the events of her life only so far as they explain her work. The point of view is that of a conservative and, it must be confessed, somewhat *bourgeois* member of the French Academy.

A Century of French Fiction. By Benjamin W. Wells.

Contains a very interesting chapter on George Sand.

Letters of George Sand. Translated and edited by Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort.

This large three-volume work embraces a number of George Sand's letters, from her childish note to her mother in 1812 to a letter to her doctor written only a fortnight before her death in 1876. It includes also a short biographical sketch and six portraits of the author at various periods of her life. The letters, even in their translated form, will be found very interesting.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Life of Charlotte Brontë (Great Writers Series). By Augustine Birrell.

This charming book, written in Mr. Birrell's very best vein, gives a few new facts about the Brontë family, and a very sympathetic, if not enthusiastic, appreciation of Charlotte Brontë's genius.

A Note on Charlotte Brontë. By Algernon C. Swinburne.

This *Note*, extending over ninety-seven pages, is written in Swinburne's most flamboyant style. But there is always a deal of sound criticism beneath Swinburne's ornamentation, and the comparison between Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, which is in part quoted in the Critical Comment, is of special interest.

Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By Clement K. Shorter.

An extremely interesting work, the larger part of which is, in the author's words, "an addition of entirely new material to the romantic story of the

Brontës." While doing full justice to the great merits of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, Mr. Shorter corrects her mistakes and supplements her deficiencies by the publication of a large number of hitherto unpublished letters. This new material was derived in great part from Miss Brontë's husband; and by no means the least interesting portion of the work is to be found in the letters that trace the growth of her affection for this strong, silent, tender-hearted man.

GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals. Edited by John W. Cross.

This is the one authoritative and standard biography of George Eliot, and is quite indispensable to the careful student of her life and works. It cannot, however, be called light reading. George Eliot was quite as prone to moralize in her letters as in her novels, and the charming humor which goes so far to lighten her fiction is as absent in her correspondence as it is said to have been in her ordinary conversation. The seriousness with which she contemplated herself and her work is visible on every page of this book.

George Eliot, (Famous Women Series). By Mathilde Blind.

A very well written and interesting little biography. It contains, in addition to the facts of George Eliot's life, some rather stimulating criticism of her work.

MISCELLANEOUS

There are three very charming essays on George Sand by Matthew Arnold (*Mixed Essays*), Henry James, Jr. (*French Poets and Novelists*), and Frederic W. H. Myers (*Modern Essays*). The first of these, at least, should be read by all students of the great French novelist.

A German estimate of George Sand may be found in Schmidt's *Portraits aus dem XIX Jahrhundert;* and the great Danish critic, Brandes, has some interesting remarks on George Sand in the fifth volume of his *Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century.*

Readers of French may be referred to the following critical estimates of George Sand: *Portraits contemporains* (vol. v.), Sainte-Beuve; *Études et portraits*, Bourget; *Etudes biographiques et littéraires*, d'Haussonville; *Portraits littéraires*, Planche. Amic's *George Sand—Mes souvenirs* is an interesting collection of anecdotes.

The occasional errors of fact in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* may be corrected by a perusal of T. Wemyss Reid's *Charlotte Brontë: A Monograph* and Francis A. Leyland's *The Brontë Family with Special Reference to Patrick Branwell Brontë.* Mr. Leyland holds a brief for the brother of Charlotte, but he hardly succeeds in imparting to his reader his own convictions of the wretched youth's genius; and, while dispelling the romantic story which Mrs. Gaskell has woven about his name, he gives an even more painful impression of his shameful weakness.

There are a number of valuable essays on George Eliot. Among the best are Richard H. Hutton's (*Essays in Literary Criticism*), dealing with the earlier work only, and Professor Dowden's "Middlemarch" and

"Daniel Deronda" (*Studies in Literature*). Henry James, Jr., has a good review of Mr. Cross' *Life* and a witty critical dialogue on *Daniel Deronda* (both in *Partial Portraits*); and there is a charming essay, "Two Cities—Two Books," in *Blackwood's Magazine* for July, 1874, comparing and contrasting *Romola* and *Consuelo* as embodiments and types of the atmosphere of Florence and of Venice.

No biography of the once popular novelist, Mrs. Gaskell, has been written. An article by Professor Ward in the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been drawn on for the brief sketch contained in this course, and there is an interesting criticism of her work by Professor Minto in *The Fortnightly Review* for September, 1878, and another in *The Cornhill Magazine*, volume twenty-nine.

The somewhat ponderous *Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe* by her son was written while Mrs. Stowe was living. It contains a great amount of information as to her early life. A briefer book, containing an account of Mrs. Stowe's last days, is *The Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, edited by Mrs. James T. Fields.

Twenty-Five Reading Courses

No. 1—PROBLEMS IN MODERN DEMOCRACY

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are ex-President Cleveland; Woodrow Wilson, Professor of Politics, Princeton University; Henry J. Ford, author of *Rise and Growth of American Politics;* and Henry D. Lloyd, author of *Newest England.* The books for the course are selected by Mr. Cleveland.

No. 2—MODERN MASTERS OF MUSIC

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Reginald de Koven, Dr. W. S. B. Mathews, editor of *Music;* James G. Huneker, editor of *Musical Courier;* Henry E. Krehbiel, musical critic New York *Tribune;* and Gustave Kobbé, author of *Wagner's Life and Works.* The most attractive reading course ever offered to lovers of music.

No. 3—RAMBLINGS AMONG ART CENTRES

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are F. Hopkinson Smith, Dr. John C. Van Dyke, Dr. John La Farge, President of the Society of American Artists; Kenyon Cox and Dr. Russell Sturgis. The handbook is attractively illustrated. Mr. Smith and Dr. Van Dyke are responsible for selecting the books to be read.

No. 4—AMERICAN VACATIONS IN EUROPE

This course is the next best thing to going abroad oneself. Among the contributors to the handbook are Frank R. Stockton, Jeannette L. Gilder, editor of *The Critic;* Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield and George Ade. The handbook has a fine portrait frontispiece.

No. 5—A STUDY OF SIX NEW ENGLAND CLASSICS

The books for this course are selected by Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Among the contributors to the handbook are Dr. Hale, Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. James T. Fields and Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson. Dr. Emerson is a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson. This is one of the most attractive courses in the entire series.

No. 6—SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH KINGS

The plays are selected for this course by H. Beerbohm Tree, the well-known English actor, and the books to be read in connection with the plays are selected by Sir Henry

Irving. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Prof. Edward Dowden, acknowledged the greatest Shakespearean scholar of Great Britain, Dr. Hiram Corson, of Cornell University; Dr. William J. Rolfe and Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The handbook is very attractively illustrated.

No. 7—CHARLES DICKENS: HIS LIFE AND WORK

Among the contributors to the delightful handbook accompanying this course are George W. Cable, the well-known novelist; Irving Bacheller, author of *Eben Holden;* Andrew Lang, the distinguished English writer; Amelia E. Barr, the novelist; and James L. Hughes, author of *Dickens as an Educator.* The books to be read are selected by Mr. Cable and Mr. Bacheller. The handbook is beautifully illustrated.

No. 8—CHILD STUDY FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Margaret E. Sangster, Nora Archibald Smith, Anne Emilie Poulson, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Lucy Wheelock and Kate Gannett Wells. Mrs. Sangster selects the books to be read.

No. 9—INDUSTRIAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

The following distinguished writers on economic problems contribute to the handbook accompanying this course: President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University; Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Professor of Political Science, Cornell University; Richard Theodore Ely, Director of the School of Economics, Political Science and History, University of Wisconsin; Sidney Webb, Lecturer London School of Economics and Political Science, Member London County Council; and Carroll Davidson Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor.

No. 10—FLORENCE IN ART AND LITERATURE

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are William Dean Howells, Dr. Russell Sturgis, Frank Preston Stearns, author of *Midsummer of Italian Art, Life of Tintoretto,* etc.; Dr. William Henry Goodyear, Curator Fine Arts Museum of Brooklyn Institute; and Lewis Frederick Pilcher, Professor of Art, Vassar College. The handbook has some attractive illustrations.

No. 11—STUDIES OF EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS

The books have been selected specially for this course by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, of the English House of Commons, and the Hon. Andrew D. White, United States Ambassador to Ger-

many. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Jesse Macy, Professor of Constitutional History and Political Science, Iowa College; and John William Burgess, Professor of Political Science and Constitutional Law, and Dean of the Faculty of Political Science, Columbia University.

No. 12—FAMOUS WOMEN OF THE RENAISSANCE

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Margaret Deland and Charlotte Brewster Jordan. The handbook has several very interesting illustrations.

No. 13—THE MODERN CITY AND ITS PROBLEMS

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Dr. Frederic W. Speirs; Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews;* Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of the City of New York, author of *Municipal Government;* and Charles J. Bonaparte, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Municipal League. The books are selected by Dr. Speirs.

No. 14—STUDIES IN APPLIED ELECTRICITY

This is without exception the most attractive and the most helpful reading course ever offered to students of electricity. Thomas A. Edison selects the books specially for these studies. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Dr. Edwin J. Houston, Dr. Elihu Thomson, Carl Hering, Ex-President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers; and Arthur V. Abbott, Chief Engineer of the Chicago Telephone Company.

No. 15—FIVE WEEKS' STUDY OF ASTRONOMY

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are Charles A. Young, Professor of Astronomy, Princeton University; Sir Robert S. Ball, Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge University, and Director of Cambridge Observatory, England; Camille Flammarion, founder of the Astronomical Society of France, and author of *Marvels of the Heavens, Astronomy, etc.;* George C. Comstock, Director of Washburn Observatory, University of Wisconsin; and Harold Jacoby, Professor of Astronomy, Columbia University. The study programme includes contributions from the most famous astronomers of England and France.

No. 16—RECENT ENGLISH DRAMATISTS

Lovers of the best modern dramas will find much pleasure in these studies. Among the contributors to the handbook are Brander Matthews, Professor of Literature, Columbia University;

Dr. William Winter, Dramatic Critic for the New York *Tribune;* Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, Editor of *The Bookman;* Louise Chandler Moulton; and Norman Hapgood, the well-known writer of dramatic criticism. The handbook has some interesting illustrations.

No. 17—STUDIES IN CURRENT RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The books are chosen for the course by Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. Washington Gladden. Among the contributors to the handbook are Dr. Samuel D. McConnell, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn; President William DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin College; Dr. Amory H. Bradford, Editor of *The Outlook;* Dr. Henry Collin Minton, of San Francisco Theological Seminary, late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; Dr. H. W. Thomas, Pastor of the People's Church, Chicago; and Dr. Theodore T. Munger, Pastor of the United Congregational Church, New Haven. For clergymen and laymen who wish to stimulate the growth of a theology which is in harmony with the best thought of the time we recommend this handbook and this reading course.

No. 18—THE GREATER VICTORIAN POETS

The books are selected for this course by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Among the other contributors to the handbook are Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English, Yale University; Dr. T. M. Parrott, of Princeton University; and Marie Ada Molineux, author of *The Phrase Book of Browning*.

No. 19—OUT-OF-DOOR AMERICANS

Among the contributors to the handbook accompanying this course are John Burroughs, Ernest Seton-Thompson, President David Starr Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Junior University; Ernest Ingersoll and Hamlin Garland. Lovers of nature will find delight in the outlines and recommendations of this course.

No. 20—THE WORLD'S GREAT WOMAN NOVELISTS

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the well-known English novelist, is the first contributor to the handbook accompanying this course. The other contributors are Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mary E. Wilkins, Agnes Repplier, Katherine Lee Bates, Professor of English, Wellesley College; and Oscar Fay Adams. The handbook contains some interesting illustrations.

No. 21—AMERICAN FOUNDATION HISTORY

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge selects the books for this course. Among the other contributors are Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of American History, Harvard University; John Bach

McMaster, Professor of American History, University of Pennsylvania; Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, author of *The Colonies;* Paul Leicester Ford, author of *Janice Meredith;* and Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin, Professor of American History, University of Michigan.

No. 22—STUDIES IN AMERICAN LITERARY LIFE

Professor Barrett Wendell and Professor Lewis E. Gates, of Harvard, and Dr. Horace E. Scudder, late editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, contribute to the handbook accompanying this course. For a brief stimulative and instructive course in American literature nothing better could possibly be offered.

No. 23—STUDIES IN RECENT FRENCH FICTION

Alcée Fortier, Professor of Romance Languages, Tulane University of Louisiana, has chosen the books for this reading course. Among the contributors to the handbook are the three distinguished French writers, Edouard Rod, Ferdinand Brunetière and Paul Bourget, and the notable American critic, Dr. Benjamin W. Wells, author of *Modern French Literature* and *A Century of French Literature.*

No. 24—THE ENGLISH BIBLE: HOW WE GOT IT

The contributors to this course include President William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago; John Franklin Genung, Professor of Rhetoric, Amherst College; William Newton Clarke, Professor of Christian Theology, Colgate University; and Richard G. Moulton, Professor of English Literature, University of Chicago. The handbook is a very interesting and instructive volume in itself.

No. 25—THE MECHANISM OF PRESENT DAY COMMERCE

In Preparation. The books are selected by the Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury.